Week ending June 24 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

Nevil Shute's brilliant serial

"A TOWN LIKE ALICE"

and two grand complete stories

by ZACHARY BALL and MICHAEL GILBERT

This England . . .

Near Redmarley—Gloucestershire

LET US be thankful for clouds. Let us remember that the blue we crave can, at a month's end, prove more pitiless, more deadening than the downpours of our "February fill-dyke." The great cloud galleons enhance the blue—and give us the green; add gaiety to a March morning and purple majesty to the close of day. And when they decant "upon the place beneath," that you are there is an accident; that the flowers and grass, the barley and the hops are there, is of design. For your enrichment, for your comfort, the rain falls—to give you fine cattle, good crops . . . and beer called Bass or Worthington. Yes, let there be clouds.

ISSUED BY BASS AND WORTHINGTON, BURTON-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND

EDITORIAL

We must protect the farmer's friends

BRITISH WILD BIRDS urgently need far more protection than the law now gives them.

This is not only a matter of sentiment or of the pleasure most people get from watching birds and listening to their songs. We really need these birds. They are the farmer's friends in the food production drive.

Take away Britain's birds—and this island would soon so swarm with insects that few crops could be grown successfully. The whole balance of nature would be upset.

Yet several things which are happening today are very bad for birds, diminishing their numbers and bringing some kinds very near the danger line below which they may die out altogether in a hard winter or an epidemic.

One of these things is inevitable—the spread of building. Every new housing estate, every new factory and road destroys the natural home of hundreds of wild birds.

Even the chopping back of overgrown hedgerows which is necessary to keep a farm tidy and fully productive displaces many birds. But these things cannot be stopped.

So it becomes all the more important to stop unnecessary drain on the bird population. What is not inevitable, for example, is the loss to farmers of countless birds which are trapped for the "bird-fancying" trade.

MUCH of this trapping is illegal—but the law is never enforced until it is too late, when the birds have been caught, taken to the towns and caged.

Even the detection of the law-breakers—mainly on the vigilance of R.S.P.C.A. inspectors, who bring prosecutions when they find what they hope is enough evidence—seldom secures convictions with adequate penalties.

So the traffic in wild birds—a cruel, stupid and nowadays downright dangerous traffic—goes on increasing. It was restrained during the war by lack of food to maintain the captives. Now there is little to check it.

A prospector for the R.S.P.C.A. recently stated in court: "Bird-catchers are taking birds from the countryside in large numbers and selling them to dealers and others who train them for singing. The extent of the trade is not only a source of anxiety to bird-lovers, but also to the Ministry of Agriculture because of the economic value of wild birds to farmers."

Unfortunately the birds most popular in this deplorable trade are among those most vital to agriculture.

Goldfinches, for example, sing sweetly and are also—with their gay yellow, red, black and white marking—very handsome. No bird finds a readier market in the back rooms of public houses and other haunts where snared songsters change hands. So today the new postwar wave of trapping and snaring is beginning to make the goldfinch once more a rare bird.

What a pity! For its habits are entirely beneficial to farmers and gardeners. Given a fair chance to multiply without interference from man, goldfinches could be one of agriculture's greatest assets. They are even more helpful than their commoner relations the chaffinches—which also suffer from birdcatchers' depredations.

CHAFFINCHES, too, eat weed seeds and quantities of insects. When they are seen apparently damaging fruit blossom they are really looking for insects. And the little damage they do to seed-beds in spring is far more than offset by well-doing for the rest of the year.

All the finch family except the bullfinch pay their way on the farms. So do the various warblers, the blackcap and the whitethroats. Yet these birds are favourites of the bird-catchers.

And to the ravages of birdcatchers for profit there has recently been added a new and senseless form of persecution. Some wild birds have been found with their legs tied together, so that they could neither walk nor take off in flight, but were left to starve had they not been accidentally found and liberated.

Truly there are strange and barbarous people still left in this civilized land of animal-lovers!

How are these various human pests to be checked so as to protect the birds of Britain, to which we all owe so much of our home-grown food supplies? Only by overhauling and strengthening the feeble Acts which were intended to save birds but are in fact neither enforced nor provide really deterrent penalties. A trifling fine will not stop a birdcatcher following his profitable trade.

The Minister of Agriculture should introduce a new, practical and forceful Bill in the present Parliament.

ON OTHER PAGES

ARTICLES

SKIPPER ROBERTS SHEPHERDS THE BIG SHIPS	by Eric Bennett	7
SHOP-WINDOW GIRL	by Stanford O'Brien	9
STOLEN JOURNEY (Part 8 of real-life serial)	by Oliver Philpot	13
MOROCCO, THE UNEASY PLAYGROUND	by Ian Bevan	16
ON-THE-SPOT WIZARDS OF TV	by Douglas Pollard	19
HIGHWAYMAN TO THE RESCUE	by Don Everitt	21

FICTION

MARRIAGE CANOE	by Zachary Ball	10
BLACKMAIL IS SO DIFFICULT	by Michael Gilbert	17
A TOWN LIKE ALICE (Part 6 of 10-part serial)	by Nevil Shute	23

FEATURES: FREE SPEECH . 4 OH, JOHNNY! . 18 NOW YOU KNOW . 27
HUMAN MACHINE . 28 COMPETITIONS . 30

PARIS **is crazy about the evening "two-some" —lovely with the** *Lux look*

OUR reporter in Paris tells us that more and more women are adopting the "separates" idea—skirts and tops that can be partnered in different ways—for evening wear.

Sketched here is a blouse of white Guipure lace, worn with a billowy nylon skirt the colour of blackberries. Lovely, and so *practical!* They simply need the Lux Look to ensure that they're fresh and utterly immaculate.

Never forget what a help Lux is in carrying out clever (and inexpensive!) quick-change ideas like this. The pure, gentle, thorough-cleansing suds can be trusted to wash your most delicate, treasured things safely. Lux dissolves *instantly*, even in lukewarm water, leaving no undissolved particles to damage the fibres.

It's true—you've heard it often—that anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

And what a joy it is to use something that's really *kind* to the hands! No need to worry about your hands with Lux—the gentle suds keep them white, soft and smooth. Be sure to ask for Lux. You *can* get it now.

Sketched in Paris by Harambure

What the eye doesn't see

Above is a magnified photograph of a woollen vest washed six times in a powder advertised for the fine wash. See how the fibres have become felted and matted. The vest is shrunken, almost ruined.

Washed six times in Lux, this twin vest is just like new! The "structure" of the fabric is quite undamaged. No felting. This is why Lux-washed woollens *stay* fluffy, like new, for ages. Lux is *safe*.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in LUX

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LX 2996-303-100

"GOOD MORNING JACK! THOUGHT YOU HAD MISSED IT THIS TIME"
"OVERSLEPT—BUT HAD TO GIVE MY SHOES A POLISH TO SATISFY THE WIFE — AND THEY BETTER AWFUL RUSH LOOK LITTLE FOR IT"
"YOU OUGHT TO TRY CHERRY BLOSSOM POLISH. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT FOR A QUICK AND BRILLIANT SHINE"
"YOUR SHOES LOOK SMART ENOUGH"
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT!
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
THINKS
THAT'S JUST WHAT FRED SAID THIS MORNING. I'LL GET A TIN.
NEXT MORNING
"GOOD MORNING - YOU'RE EARLY, JACK!"
"YES, FRED! WONDERFUL STUFF THAT CHERRY BLOSSOM — WHAT A SHINE AND ISN'T IT QUICK! IT'S BRIGHT AND EARLY FOR ME FROM NOW ON"

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
JUNE 24, 1950 VOL. 87 No. 2295 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

They called him "Dafty"—*yet we owe radio to his theories*

TEN-YEAR-OLD James Clerk Maxwell was the butt of the school when he entered Edinburgh Academy in 1841. He seemed dull, and his country clothes and square-toed shoes were a joke to the other boys, who called him "Dafty". But soon he surprised them by becoming a brilliant scholar, and he was only fifteen when he had a paper on geometrical problems published in the proceedings of the Edinburgh Royal Society.

His work made electricity a mathematically exact science; his theories gave others a sure basis for their practical work: his theory of electro-magnetic waves was the foundation of all subsequent radio discoveries.

Never in Britain's history were men of Maxwell's foresight and imagination needed more than today. *Each of us must contribute to the nation's industrial and economic recovery.* The electricity industry, for its part, is achieving wonders in increasing Britain's supplies of electrical power, and in developing new appliances for putting this power to more efficient use in our factories and homes.

More brightly lit shop-windows, brighter streets at night—these will result from new methods of fluorescent lighting. For further information and expert advice, call at your Electricity Service Centre, or write
THE ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION
2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

Decorating?
—then you'll need
Church's
ALABASTINE

1/3 1LB. PKT.
FOR FILLING CRACKS IN WALLS, CEILINGS AND WOODWORK
FROM PAINT DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Callouses

Quick Relief from Pain, Burning, Tenderness on soles of Feet

You will soon forget these foot troubles when you use Dr. Scholl's New Super-Soft Zino-pads (special Callous Size). Apply the soothing, cushioning pads wherever callouses have formed—or threaten. End of pain! Medicated Disks included in each packet speedily *remove* callouses.

NEW! Super-Soft

Scalloped edge for smooth fit. Flesh colour. 1/9 pkt. at chemists, shoe dealers, stores, Scholl depots. Other sizes for corns, bunions, soft corns.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FREE SPEECH

A woman's rôle

WOMEN NEED NOT BE militant to make their mark in the world and have their say in the affairs of their country. No matter what a woman's station, she can be a power for good. She can influence a man's outlook by the way she brings up his children and the way she enters his confidence concerning his work. If her husband is a labourer, she can urge him to give the best to his job; if he is a craftsman, to produce only things of value; if he is a business executive, to treat his men fairly and with just reward for their labour.

Far more can be done by women working quietly in the home than they will ever achieve by mass meetings and public action. A man does not want his wife to be an Amazon. He wants her to be womanly.—MRS. ELSA MARTIN HANSTEIN, 1 Hatter Street, Pascoe Vale, Victoria, Australia.

Cricket Controversy

I ONLY PARTLY AGREE with H. B. Woolston, of Southampton, concerning "Cricket, That Tedious Bore" ("Free Speech," May 27). There is no need to oust cricket as our national summer game. Just speed it up a bit—instead of batting the whole of one side, bat three from each team alternately.—A. C. WALKER, 11 Barrows Lane, Yardley, Birmingham.

. . . Cricket is too deeply bound up with the texture of our national life to be ousted. Attempts to boost baseball and other games have all failed for this reason.—DOUGLAS G. DOLLERY, 3 Broadgates Road, Wandsworth Common, London, S.W.18.

. . . A great authority on cricket, John Arlott, has said: "Cricket needs no defence and no excuse."—P. H., Suffolk.

. . . Why not soccer all the year round?—G. A., Scampton, Lincs.

Was Leopold To Blame?

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART'S article, "Why Did Hitler Halt At Dunkirk?" (JOHN BULL, May 27) is the most clarifying contribution I have yet read about the situation preceding the evacuation. He dispels any doubt that the unfortunate King of the Belgians had no alternative but to take the decision he did. I came in contact with many Belgian soldiers during the war and I met only two who did not sympathize with King Leopold.—NORMAN SCOTT, Belfast.

. . . Liddell Hart writes that in the course of the evacuation ". . . only some 2,000 were lost in ships sunk en route to England." As one of the survivors of the ill-fated S.S. *Lancastria* I can assure him that, of nearly 6,000 on board, well over 3,000 were lost on that ship alone.

I think Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War, 1942-45, makes a good summing up of Liddell Hart's "Defence Of The West" in the following extract from his review of this book: "The German breakthrough in May, 1940, was largely the result of their adoption of Liddell Hart principles; the French and British could have stopped them quite easily if they had done the same. What a pity we can never now know what happens when one and the same irresistible set of principles is applied simultaneously in opposite directions!"—GEORGE TONKIN, 78 Hampton Road, Redland, Bristol.

The Colour Prejudice

AFTER READING "I Married An African" by Gladys Samuels (JOHN BULL, June 3) I feel compelled to express my disgust at my fellow countrymen for inflicting suffering upon an innocent couple and, indirectly, upon their baby daughter. I have witnessed racial riots in Detroit and other cities which were horrible, to say the least. But in spite of what I saw, when I had occasion to mix with coloured people I was embarrassed with their hospitality—because, perhaps, I was British and in Britain we are told, "There is no ill-feeling towards coloured people." I wish it were true.—GEORGE A. WHILTON, 35 Braxfield Terrace, New Lanark, Lanarkshire.

. . . I have a young sister married to a coloured man. They are the happiest couple I have ever seen. Like Mr. and Mrs. Samuels they have had their bad days, but when their child was born the people who had shunned them took them to their hearts.—D. B., Glasgow.

Bare Comfort At Schubin

OLIVER PHILPOT'S description of Schubin in part four of "Stolen Journey" brought back memories for me. It was an old Army prison camp in the first year or so of the war and we arrived there barely alive after three weeks' journey from France, most of the way by foot. There were no huts—we slept in the open air—and no proper lavatories or washing facilities. Polish prisoners who were there when we arrived needed convincing we were British—they did not know we had entered the war. And that was in June, 1940.—Ex-P.o.w., Birmingham.

Manse Into Flats

RECENTLY A MINISTER decided not to accept an appointment to a church in this district when he had seen the manse, a large fifteen-apartment house, as his family consisted of only himself and his wife. Because of his attitude, there are now five families living in the manse, which has been divided into flats. The minister is happy in a smaller house and, financially, it is a paying proposition for the church.—HUGH ANDREW, 103 Geils Avenue, Dumbarton, Scotland.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A R. THOMSON, R.A., found colour and movement at a girls'-school end-of-term concert. Parents listened to songs and recitations; heard the artist's daughter play the piano, but Thomson did not hear a note: he is deaf and dumb. He converses by lip reading, hand signs, notes and sketches.

"But I want my clothes *clean*, don't I?"

MARY CLARKE

"Of course you do"

says washing expert **MARY CLARKE**

"—but you haven't got to wear yourself out to get them clean. Stop rubbing and wringing dirt into them, I say!" (That's what you're doing, without knowing it, if you use an old-fashioned washing method.)

WOMEN wash clothes to get them clean, of course. But it's nonsense to believe they have to put years on their age in the process.

Before the war, the chief drudgery of washday could not be avoided. Women spent hours on the wash every week. They were getting dirt *out* of the clothes, yes. But at the same time they were rubbing dirt *in*.

The amount of dirty, clinging scum produced in the average family wash during 20 weekly washings would actually weigh 4½ lb. That's why whites get greyer, coloured things duller, week after week. But Wisk will not form any scum at all!

Why? Because with old-fashioned washing methods *scum* is formed in the water. This scum catches up the dirt washed out of the clothes. Then the dirt-laden scum *clings* to the clothes. That ring round your copper or sink is dirty scum, and it's a sign that there's dirty scum in the clothes as well.

GRADUAL GREYING

No amount of rinsing will get it out altogether. Unnoticed at first, the dirty scum left in the fabric gradually makes whites go grey and coloured things dull.

During 20 weekly washings, the amount of dirty scum produced in an ordinary family wash actually weighs 4½ lb.

Yet it is all so unnecessary! There is an amazing new washing powder—Wisk—*that will not form scum at all* in any water, from the softest to the hardest. Therefore, no scum catches up the dirt; no dirty scum clings to the clothes. You can actually *see* the dirt fall out—there's nothing to make it stick to the garments. So you haven't got to rub, and rinsing is easy!

Your clothes are on the line—clean and bright—with record speed. And you feel as fresh as a daisy.

LATHER GALORE

Use Wisk for everything. For washing-up: Wisk gives clouds of lather and cuts grease in no time. For all household cleaning: just try Wisk on that nasty tidemark round the bathtub—Wisk won't form scum, but it *will* remove it like lightning!

Wisk is economical too—and costs only 8d. a packet. Get Wisk today, and turn the worst day of the week into one of the best!

WISK saves time, toil, and trouble!

A *LEVER* PRODUCT WS 59-541

Branch out and enjoy the best!

WHITEWAY'S DEVON CYDER

NICE & SWEET

CVS-120

Fitting for men

Spire

These smart brogues are aristocrats from the 'Weathervain' section of the Spire range. In rich chestnut tan.

G. T. WHITE
men's shoes from
42/6 to 59/6

Write for name of nearest Agent. George T. White Shoe Co. Ltd. Leicester

What is the secret of *Silken Sheen?*

DOES YOUR HAIR SHINE with a healthy lustre? Only really clean hair can do this! The secret? 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo!

'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo gets your hair thoroughly clean—and because it is soapless, it rinses out completely. No dirt particles to stick in your hair—no film to dull the natural highlights.

'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo is made from the purest ingredients only. Use it regularly and you'll be overjoyed with your hair's fascinating Silken Sheen. Buy a packet now!

Vaseline* **Soapless Shampoo**

Makes your hair clean — gives it Silken Sheen

4957-4

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

Read about the

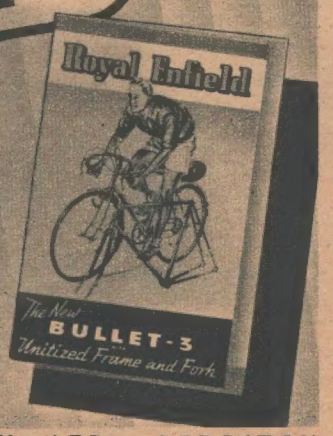
Royal Enfield

BULLET-3 BICYCLE

WITH **UNITIZED FRAME AND FORK**

★ In addition to its comprehensive specification the Royal Enfield Bullet-3 has the Royal Enfield Unitized Frame and Fork. This is something entirely new, a streamlined frame and fork unit without lugs or brazed joints, combining extreme lightness with phenomenal strength.

Write to-day for free, distinctive, illustrated folder, containing full particulars.



THE ENFIELD CYCLE COMPANY, LTD., REDDITCH

★ **TRUE STORIES** from an Insurance Man's Notebook

A ship comes home

ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN, is Bill Bradley. Rugged, reliable and true as the steel he's spent his life in making.

Many years ago, Bill took out an endowment policy with me and just recently he paid his final premium. When I went along with a cheque in my pocket to settle his claim, it was a big day for Bill.

He knew he had at least £130 to come because that was the face value of his policy. What he *didn't* realise was how much extra was due to him . . . the bonuses which had piled up to his credit during his years of steady saving. I knew, of course, and it made my visit to Bill that day an occasion I shall never forget.

The sight of his face when I passed him across a cheque for £171.12.0. would have warmed the heart of a stone statue. He just couldn't see how his £130 policy had earned him an extra nest egg of over £40 in cash, in addition to the protection his family have enjoyed throughout the years. I could though. As hundreds of thousands of other policyholders have done, Bill was reaping the benefit of good management and wise investment by Insurance Offices like mine.

Believe me, it's grand to be able to give not only a service you know is appreciated by a big circle of real friends but a good return on savings, too.

★ *Bill Bradley is not his real name and he did not pose for this picture, but the story is fact, not fiction. It comes from the confidential files of one of these Insurance Offices which have spread the benefits of insurance throughout the community.*

Albion
Blackburn Assurance
Blackburn Philanthropic
Britannic
Burslem Mutual
Farringdon Reliance
Lancaster Assurance
Leigh Friendly
Liverpool Victoria
London & Manchester
Nation Life
National Friendly
Pearl
Philanthropic Mutual
Pioneer
Prudential
Refuge
Royal Co-operative
Royal Liver
Royal London
Salvation Army
Scottish Legal
Scottish United
Tunstall
United Friendly
Wesleyan and General

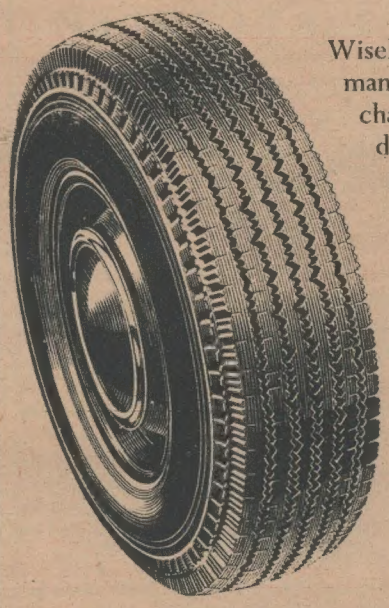
Free-Enterprise Insurance

takes Service & Security into 10 million homes

Issued by the Industrial Life Offices

P.I

"Calm weather in **JUNE** *Sets the corn in tune"*



Wisely, the proverb doesn't promise how many calm days to expect. But however changeable the weather you can always depend on safe and pleasurable motoring when you—

Rely on

DUNLOP

The World's Master Tyre

50H/109

NEW "Afrikander BRIGHT"

FOR CIGARETTE *AND* PIPE

3'7D PER OZ.

1-6

Captain Roberts on his bridge. The *Romsey* is not all power—it's smart enough to carry liner passengers ashore. For one of them, it was a bit too smart

Skipper Roberts shepherds the big ships

by ERIC BENNETT

Some do the pulling and some do the pushing—and the tugboats take a liner like the *Queen Elizabeth* out of her berth and into the open water as smoothly as if she were a rowing boat

THE *Queen Elizabeth* was due to sail from Southampton Docks at 1.30 p.m. Soon after one o'clock the seven tugs which were to take her out from the berth moved smoothly into their positions. *Romsey, Sloyne, Canute, Clausentum, William Poulsom, Paladin* and the *Hornby*—their names sounded like lines from a lyrical ballad or a rose-grower's catalogue. And there was poetry in their rhythmic efficiency.

Tugs are usually described as "fussy." This little fleet swung the 84,000-ton liner into the river with less fuss than it takes to launch a rowing boat into the Serpentine. "Towing, you see," said Captain Robert David Roberts on the bridge of the *Romsey*, "is a matter of knack. I have been forty-five years in tugs, and it is a business you learn by just learning it." With which lucid explanation of a lifetime's skill he manoeuvred his ship a little nearer to the towering stern of the *Queen Elizabeth*.

The *Romsey*, a 500-tonner with engines capable of developing 1,800 h.p., backed slowly towards the liner and then stopped dead. From the black stern above us the diminutive figure of a deckhand hurled a rope. It dropped accurately on to our after deck and two of the *Romsey's* crew of fourteen swiftly made it fast to the tug's four-and-a-half-inch thick steel line. A hand waved, and the liner began to haul our steel line in. At our end the steel hawser was fastened to a fourteen-inch manila rope, that was looped on to the towing hook.

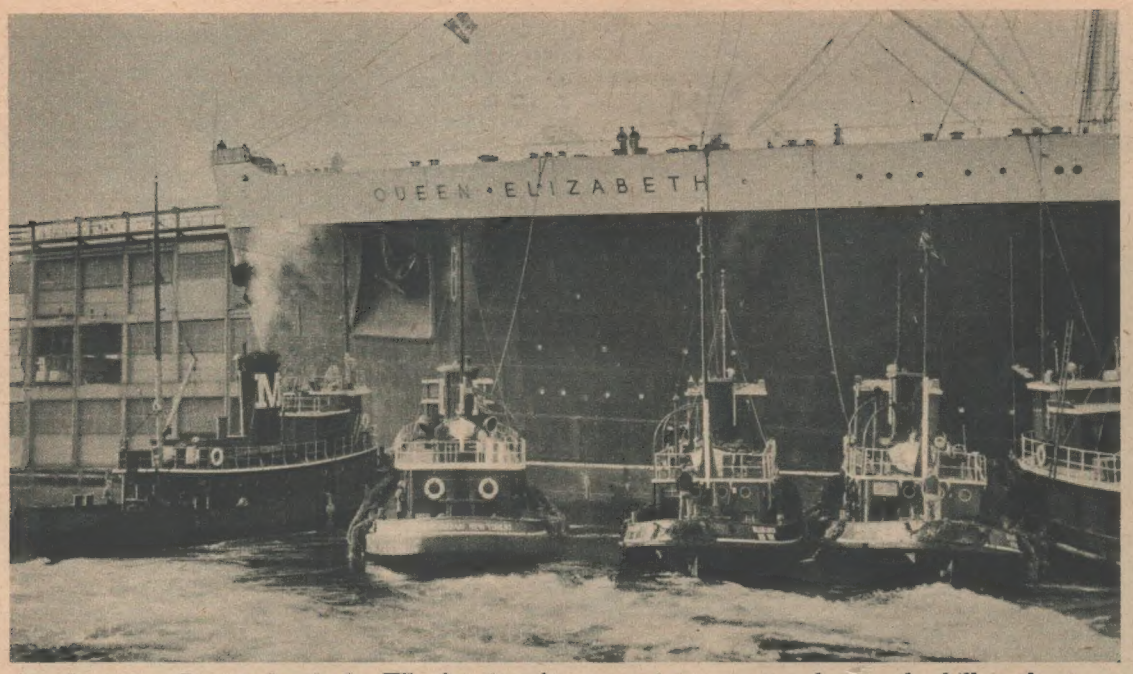
"It is the manila that has the spring and takes the tension," explained Captain Roberts. "And you have to watch the tension all the time. If the steel line snaps it whips like a flying sword. It will cut a man in two. . . ." There follows the grim reminiscence of the occasion when tugs were towing a destroyer in bad weather. In a sudden squall three lines parted. Three living, writhing snakes of four-inch steel whirled wildly in the wind, and eleven men were killed.

Our steel line had been made fast now, and it curved down towards the tug, gleaming in the sunlight. On our left the *Sloyne* and the *Clausentum*, who were sharing the stern towing, had also got their lines aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*. Just ahead of us the *Canute* steamed in at right angles to the liner and pushed her rope-protected bows into the liner's side.

Captain Roberts indicated the great wad of rope at the tug's bows which acted as a collision mat, when the *Canute* began her pushing job to check the swing of the big ship's stern. "There are five tons of old rope in those stem-fenders," he said. "Our men make them up by hand in their spare time."

Nearer the liner's bows the *Paladin* had already taken up another pushing position and, at the bows, the *Hornby* and the *William Poulsom* were attached by their towing lines and standing out into the basin.

At 1.30 p.m. precisely we began to move. As smoothly as a swan the vast bulk of the *Queen Elizabeth* glided away from the berth and was drawn gently stern first towards the river. Then, clear of the quay, we began to swing her. While we still towed astern, the *Canute* whipped round



Another giant liner is berthed. Whether it takes ten minutes or ten hours, the bill is the same

behind us and began pushing the liner from the other side. Slowly and evenly the liner straightened until her stem was pointing straight down Southampton Water.

The siren sounded and the steel lines were cast off. The *Queen Elizabeth* set sail under her own steam. And the whole job had been done in a quarter of an hour.

I reckoned up the cost to the shipping company. And the bill for that brief but highly skilled piece of work worked out at about £160. Towing costs vary from port to port and from service to service, and the scale of charges is more complicated than a customs officer's list. But the basic reckoning is made on the tonnage to be handled. At Southampton a vessel of less than 10,000 tons needing a tow into dock is normally charged £35 for the two tugs necessary. Ships from 10,000 to 20,000 tons need more tugs and the price rises to £21 a tug. For the largest liners over 20,000 tons the rate works out at £22 or £23 a tug.

The fixed charge covers all eventualities. The job may take ten minutes or it may take ten hours, but the tonnage rates are constant. If a gale had sprung up and snapped the tow ropes, or if the *Queen Elizabeth* had been driven on to a sandbank and we had spent the rest of the day pulling her off, the cost would have been covered by the initial contract.

A Guide Through The Shallows

Six tugs steamed off to their next task, but the *Romsey* had not yet finished. She was the escort tug of the day. Captain Roberts took her past the liner and went ahead, and now with the tapering bows high behind us we took the lead down Southampton Water at a comfortable thirteen knots. "We always have an escort tug out and in for the big ships," he said, as he relaxed and lit his pipe. "There are a couple of awkward shallows down here in a cross wind, the Brambles and Calshot Spit."

I remarked that the *Queen Elizabeth* appeared to have had only a few feet clearance of the first buoy we had passed. He grinned. "Oh, that's the Gymp. Yes, it is a bit near for a big 'un, but it's all right. Calshot Spit is another proposition. When the *Queen Elizabeth* went aground there we had a terrible time. I was standing by from 5 a.m. on the Monday morning until 11 p.m. on Wednesday night. Time and again we began to move her off, but as soon as she started up her own engines, the screws churned up the mud and she dug herself in again. I was about all in by the time we had got her afloat at last. That reminds me. Let's have a cup of tea."

That was easy. The steward brought one immediately. For the *Romsey* is used not only as a tug, but also as a passenger tender for the liners that call only at Cowes Roads and do not dock at Southampton.

Below the main deck is a spacious companionway leading to a smartly furnished lounge, and beneath the lounge is a bar and smoke-room. "Yes, we have every comfort for the passengers," grinned Captain Roberts. "At least, sometimes. One passenger I had last year did not appreciate his trip."

Romsey Gets Her Man

Then Captain Roberts told the inside story of the seizure of Gerhard Eisler, the German-born American Communist, from the Polish liner *Batory* in Cowes Roads.

"*Romsey* was chartered in the usual way by the shipping company's agent," he said, "and I thought it was just another trip to pick up the passengers for Britain. But just before I sailed a group of Scotland Yard detectives, headed by Detective Inspector Bray, arrived. Then came officials from the Polish Embassy and the American Consulate and a horde of reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen.

"The United States had asked for the extradition of Eisler, and Inspector Bray had come to execute a warrant under the Extradition Act. The Poles had come to prevent the arrest.

"When we came alongside the fun began. The detectives and the Embassy officials boarded the liner. If the captain of the *Batory* had kept quiet and not admitted that Eisler was aboard, the story would have ended there. But Eisler was produced and the legal argument started. Now, the *Romsey* is fitted with radio-telephony and for nine hours that telephone was in constant use.

"First the Poles would come back and ring up the Embassy in London. Then Inspector Bray would report back to Scotland Yard. Meanwhile, half a dozen launches carrying newspapermen and photographers had arrived and were circling the ship. Hour after hour we waited alongside under a grilling sun. At last it was decided to take off the passengers and return to Southampton, while both sides had new consultations with London. By this time there was a comic-opera atmosphere about the whole scene. The reporters had ordered up crates of beer and were drinking it on deck. The stevedores who had been unloading joined in the party.

"Last minute calls on the radio telephone were made to Scotland Yard and back we went to the *Batory*. This time the argument was brief. Detectives seized Eisler by the arms and legs and carried him from the *Batory* captain's quarters, down three flights of stairs, through the crowded main lounge, and across the gangway. He was taken into my cabin and put under guard. Then we made some feints at the dock entrances to deceive the Press. When we did dock, Eisler went off quietly under escort, and that was the end of the strangest job I have ever had to tackle."

Captain Roberts went to the corner of the bridge to warn a yacht away. Sailing yachts have right of way over steamships, but when a monster liner is sailing down a narrow waterway, common sense is more important than rights. If the *Queen Elizabeth* were to have stopped she would probably have gone aground. The yacht heeled away in plenty of time and we steamed past the Calshot Spit lightship and later swung away as the *Queen Elizabeth* made her turn for Spithead. Three long blasts from the liner's siren gave us the message "Thank you and goodbye." Three long blasts as Captain Roberts pulled our whistle responded "Goodbye and good luck." Radio-telephony between the tug and the ship's bridge is only used in emergencies, and all normal instructions are conveyed by siren signals.

They Learn On The Job

As the bulk of the *Queen Elizabeth* faded into a graceful silhouette we steamed back up Southampton Water, and I was able to take up Captain Roberts on his first statement that you learn towing business by just learning it. He surprised me by saying that he had not got a master's certificate and that tug captains just start at the bottom and work their way up, using the experience they acquire on the way.

"I started in coastal sailing schooners," he said, "and that was the way to learn seamanship. But once you come into tugs you come into a new world—a job that few deep-sea men can master."

It is the power of the tug which makes its grade, not the tonnage. The *Romsey*, a twin-screw vessel, is an important ship-towing tug because of its engines and not because of its size. There are about 300 ship-towing tugs at work in United Kingdom ports, capable of handling vessels of any size; and, in addition, there are fleets of barge-towing tugs which work in the rivers and harbours.

When we had berthed again at Southampton, I went to see Joe Physick, captain of the tug *Sloyne*. The *Sloyne* had gone straight to another job after taking part in the sailing of the *Queen Elizabeth*, and was now standing by a huge floating crane in the new docks. "Standing by" is a regular part of tug work. The tug has steam up and is ready to tow, or push, or pick up a man overboard, or lend a hand in manoeuvring.

These operations are also paid for on a tonnage basis. In moving or standing by a floating crane the tonnage of the crane would be the deciding cost factor, not the time taken over the job.

Chasing A Giant Liner

Joe Physick, a laughing, blue-eyed, red-tanned man, rubbed a stubbly chin and told how he had started in tugs as a boy and had worked in them ever since. "It might sound monotonous, but it never is," he said. "You can never tell what is going to happen when you are dealing with big ships. You have to watch out they don't tow you, instead of you towing them, and there is a terrific suction in their wake. Once there was a whole bunch of us down Southampton Water waiting to bring in the *Ile de France*. There was a strong cross wind blowing and we knew it might be a bit awkward.

"The liner came in at about thirteen knots and we waited for her to slacken speed. But she came amongst us like a battleship. We backed and turned and scattered like a shoal of sprats and there was confusion and swearing and a fine old mix-up. Then we set out to chase her up the Water, keeping well clear of her stern. At the last minute she slowed. We came up and got our lines aboard just in time to take her safely into her berth. The pilot told us later that he had been frightened to slacken speed in the wind as he thought that the ship would get out of control. Awkward? Yes, but we got her in all right."

Joe Physick had summed up the story of the unknown and unsung men of the towing fleets. At all hours and in all weathers they get the big ships in and out—all right. THE END

In plain dark frock, Joan Willis explains colour contrasts. Best background shade: turquoise

Shop-window girl

by STANFORD O'BRIEN

Luring the customer into a store is the art that Joan Willis teaches. It isn't always the startling display that does it. Sometimes the best thing is old junk

STUDENTS FROM TWENTY art schools were invited some weeks ago to dress shop windows in London's Regent Street. The results were often startling. Such displays as monster spiders being sucked into vacuum cleaners attracted crowds of delighted shoppers. But professional display artists were less enthusiastic. They felt morosely confirmed in their opinion that art-school training is little use as a start in their profession.

"The trouble with that sort of window," says plumpish, thirty-year-old Joan Willis, "is that you get a crowd on the pavement, but not in the shop. There is a big difference between making a hit with the public and persuading them to buy goods." Joan speaks with authority—for her own school, the L.C.C. College for the Distributive Trades, was excepted from the general criticism, and it is Joan's aim in life to prove that window display *can* be taught.

Born in South London and taken by her parents to Canada when she was only a few years old, Joan got her first job in Toronto's biggest store. In 1947, deciding that window display was her real interest, she went to New York, where displays are the most lavish in the world. Artist Salvador Dali is reputed to have been paid £500 for a single backcloth; one New York store recently dressed four windows at a cost of £6,000; another deluged a collection of bridal gowns in real rose leaves, changed daily.

Joan picked up a lot of experience and skill—and three ideas. She wanted to teach. She wanted to show that practical window display could be taught as well at a school as in a shop. And she wanted to leave the neurotic noise of New York and get back to the country which was always thought of in the Willis family as "home." So in the summer of 1949 she stepped off the train in London.

But London display managers were not enthusiastic about Joan's idea. They pointed out that each store had built up its own tradition of design—often attuned to the shop's architecture. Joan said she was not so much concerned with luxury stores as with the middle class of shop, whose ideas about display were still in the Victorian period when each department had its "window dresser" who knew more about goods than the attractive presentation of them. And at last she found her way to the L.C.C. College, where she is now head of the daytime classes in display.

Starting from nothing, she had to work out her own training methods and tests for aptitude. Most important of these are the ones for colour sense, about which Joan has strong ideas. She thinks the theme of "lime" has been as overworked for decoration as for the zither, and that pink and grey are also hackneyed. The best backgrounds are in the range between blue and green. "Turquoise is best of all," says Joan, claiming that brilliant reds and the palest off-whites show equally well against it.

The Search For New Ideas

Joan's pupils must expect to be presented with a television tube, a broken clock or half a rowing boat and be told to arrange a display round such objects. For the artist is always looking out for the possibilities of unusual materials, and seeing in commonplace things a texture which will make them look attractive in a new setting. Joan has just discovered how decorative washing-soda crystals can become.

She may go to the opera or ballet for ideas, but Covent Garden means something else to her. For in the vegetable market, packing materials are almost given away: the kite which formed the centre of her pupils' Regent Street display was made from old woven potato boxes. "We could only have found the stuff in London," says Joan, who believes that junk can often prove more attractive than expensive fabrics.

Sometimes Joan will give out a handful of goods to be arranged within five minutes, for display artists have to be ready to work fast. A showing of raincoats or swim-suits, planned weeks ahead as a result of staff conferences, may have to be altered in a day after a change in the weather. She teaches the use of the few tools of her trade—paint sprayers, guns which drive in staples or nails at one blow and the "cut-awl" which rips hardboard into any shape. But she does not favour the use of conventional board-and-plaster methods while there are new ones to be tried; and she especially dislikes plate-glass, which once cut an eight-inch gash in her leg. Her job is not without other hazards. Dummy figures—known as "dolls"— have been disturbed by passing traffic and fallen through to the pavement. Even with nobody hurt, the dolls cost £100 and the glass £30.

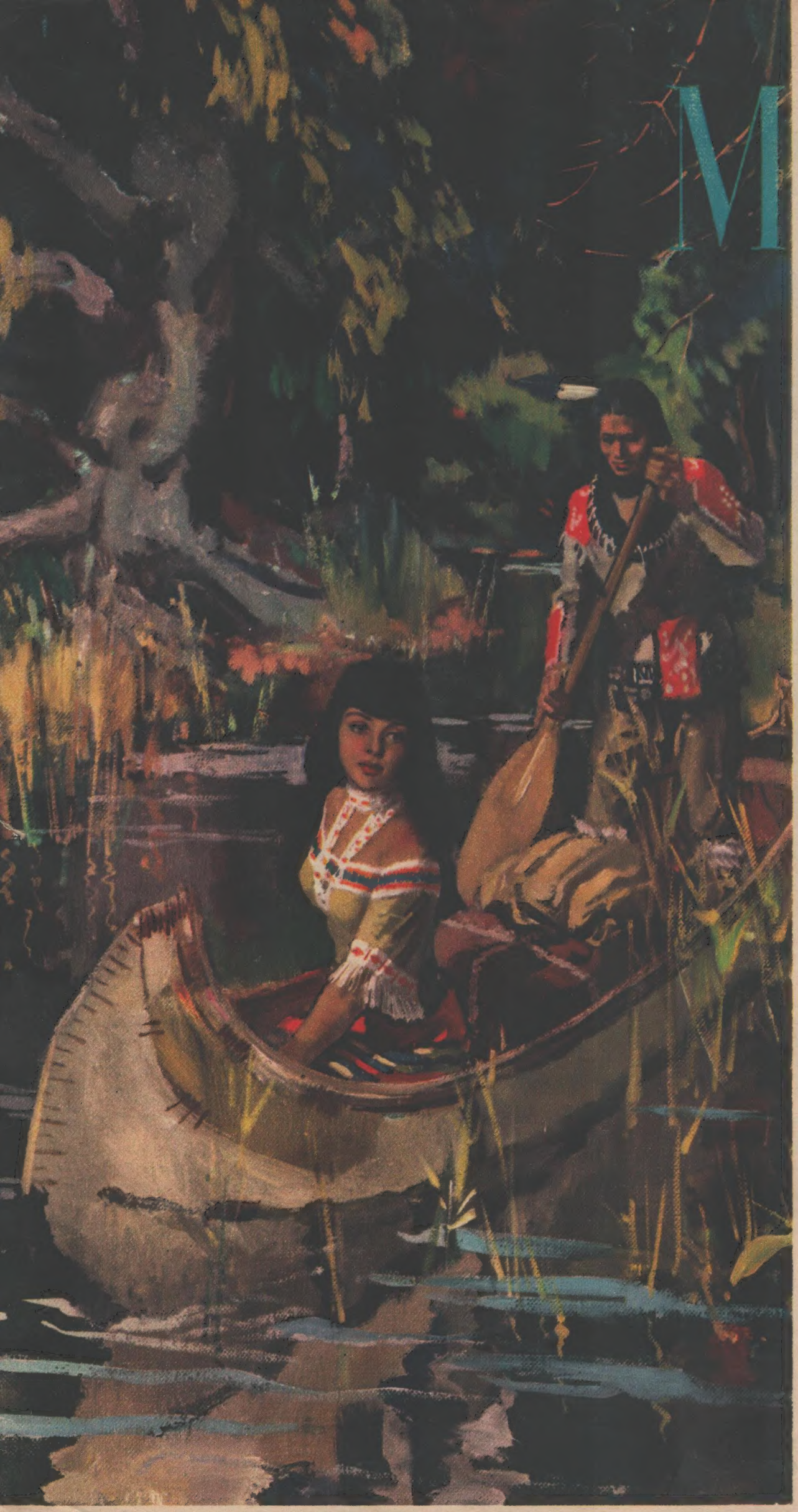
The best of these models come from Scandinavia or from America—where they are given sentimental names such as "Miss Tulip"; English ones often have simpering expressions which Joan hates. They are made of hollow plaster, light and with so soft a surface that they are scratched by touching with bare hands.

Nudity Comes To The Window

Before the war nude figures were kept from public gaze; but taste has changed and dolls naked from the waist up may be featured. Yet modesty still has to be considered. In Canada the police ruled that a recumbent figure in a swim-suit was too suggestive, and in this country it is a rule that lingerie should not be shown in windows whose backs are open to the shop—for customers dislike being in view while intimate garments are fetched out for them.

If the smallest error is made in such matters as period furniture, experts write in to complain. Apart from such letters, the display artist has little contact with his public the other side of the glass and can only judge the effectiveness of his work from sales results—and from the commissionaires, part of whose work it is to report

Continued on page 28



By Seminole Indian tradition he would paddle his bride down the river. He couldn't miss that

Marriage Canoe

CHARLEY OSCEOLA lay on his stomach on the bank of the river, looking at how far the moonlight could reach down into its obsidian depths. Night shroud hung over the 'glades in softest folds of black and silver.

He lay like that a long time, feeling the mystery of ancient tree and tangled vine, listening to the nocturnal heartbeat of the jungle, the tinkling tremor of insects that came through the silence in bright little waves. He raised up his elbows, cupped his hands around his mouth, and sent out his 'gator call. He waited. He gave the call again: *"N-u-n-g-h! N-u-n-g-h!"*

And after long moments came the answer, the primordial drumming of the alligator. Charley Osceola grinned as he saw the two humps that were the 'gator's eyes move out of the shadows of the far bank. The great tail left a slow swirling wake as the big bull 'gator moved languidly across the moonway and faded again into deep bank shadows farther up.

Two nights from now, old man 'gator would again answer Charley Osceola's call, he was sure of that. And his Annie Tommie would be with him then, and she would hear it, too. She would be very pleased that Charley Osceola could call the 'gator on his marriage night. For it was very old Seminole belief that if a man could call out the 'gator on the first night of his marriage all good things would come to him and his tai-ki, his woman, through all of their lives together.

Charley Osceola rolled over on his back now and lay looking up through the treetops into the purple bowl of night and thought about Annie Tommie, and it was as if she were now close beside him. He could almost sense the soft tenderness of her nearness, could almost hear the gentleness of her voice, which had a way of blending into all things of beauty. Her voice was like the night sounds, like the whisper of the small breeze, like the quiet grace of the swaying tree moss.

A FEW yards back from where he lay was his *aw-an-ga chikee*, his marriage house, that he had built today. That was where he would live with Annie Tommie for thirty days, here in the bottom of the great cypress swamp, in accordance with Seminole tradition, their whereabouts unknown even to their own mothers and fathers. And inside his marriage house was his new rifle, in its waterproof case, which was, also according to Seminole tradition, to be fired for the first time to bring down meat for his bride. And yonder, straight across the river, lying snugly under the overhang of the opposite bank, was his *aw-an-ga bithlo*, his marriage canoe. It was also new, and no one but himself had ridden in it. And again, in keeping with old Seminole custom, the canoe was not to cross the river until it should carry his bride to the marriage house.

He watched how the moonlight was frosting the newly thatched roof of his marriage house. He must not sleep in it alone. Only when his bride was there to share it with him must he lie down on the soft pallet of fronds and grass that he had covered with the new blanket Annie Tommie's mother had given him. This night, he would have to sleep under the sheltering arms of the mighty grey cypresses, on the bank of *oka-loo-sa*.

At dawn he left the clothes he was wearing in

It was going to be a wedding without a bridegroom, unless he could get rid of the escaped convict. And the convict had a gun

by ZACHARY BALL

Suddenly, the alligator exploded into action. Foolishly, the convict tried to scramble up

the marriage house and stood naked on the bank of the river, looking into the first of the new sun. And again he thought of tomorrow's sunrise when he would stand with Annie Tommie before the *micco* and all of the Osceola clan for the ceremony. His smoked venison was at the camp now, hanging from the roof poles of his mother's *chikee*; he had killed it a week ago. When their marriage time came, Annie Tommie would hold bread in her hand and he would hold a strip of the venison in his. Annie Tommie would hand Charley Osceola the bread, saying: "I will provide bread." He would hand her the venison, saying: "I will provide meat." Then all the clan would dance about them, laughing and chanting, and they would be husband and wife.

He smiled into the sunrise and said aloud: "Tomorrow. *A-pak-sa-ka*. Tomorrow."

Then he stepped down into the still river and swam noiselessly across to his marriage canoe and got into it. He dressed in the dry clothes he had there and ate, then took up his paddle.

It was many miles back to the Osceola camp, but he paddled leisurely, and it was mid-afternoon when he came to the tiny inlet that was *with-la-coo-chee*, a little great water. From here it was a mile along a 'glades trail to the camp. He concealed his marriage canoe in the bank growth and stepped out on to the path, where he stood to stretch his muscles.

He was a slim-hipped young man in whose face lived the Indian's listening silence. His eyes were as black as darkness in the mahogany of his skin, and in the tiny creases at the corners, boyishness and manly gravity lay together.

He turned to go down the path and stopped with a jerk. The white man was standing directly in front of him and not ten feet away.

The shock of surprise kicked hard at Charley Osceola's stomach, and cold fingers scrambled in his hair roots, but none of it showed on his face. Slowly he let his eyes move down to the shiny revolver in the man's hand, then back up to the ugly face. He was a heavy man, with a big-nosed face that was the colour of an old cypress. He had a round head, and coarse, reddish hair showed under the brim of a hat pulled well down. His bloodshot eyes were crafty and merciless, and the corners of his mouth were deeply grooved by old lusts and hates.

"By God, I didn't expect to be this lucky," the man said in a rasping voice. "Been watching you come down the river. I guessed you'd put in here. If you hadn't, I'd have seen to it that you did."

Something came into Charley Osceola's mind, something he had heard in camp a couple of days ago. There had been a murder in Miami, and it was believed the killer had headed out into the Everglades. There had been little talk of it in camp, for murders were not uncommon in Miami. It was a very foolish white man, though, that would attempt to evade the police by going alone into the 'glades. For unless you knew the swamp you didn't live long in the Everglades.

"You wouldn't want to take me for a long ride, would you, fella?" the man said. "Say to the mouth of Shark River? I'll make out on my own after I get there."

In the first moment it had been surprise that held Charley Osceola, but now it was fear that lay tight and brittle within him. Not fear of this man and his gun, but fear of not getting back to camp by sunrise tomorrow morning, and if that happened he would lose his Annie Tommie. He would never have a second chance to marry her.

His heart tugged at the inside of his chest and there was a sharp, brassy taste on the back of his tongue. They stared at each other, the white man and the Indian. For a quick moment Charley Osceola was tempted to lunge at the man and batter his grinning, ugly face into insensibility. Then his thinking cleared and was as clear as filed steel. You just don't refuse to obey a man with a gun in his hand and a killer light in his eyes, any more than you climb unarmed into a cabbage palm after a panther. No, the way you do that is first to render the panther harmless. But how was he to render this big, dangerous man harmless?

"Come on, get into the canoe," the man said. "I'll take charge of the paddle until we're both in," the man told him, and held out a hand, his other hand still holding the gun. Charley Osceola handed him the paddle, and pushed his canoe into the water.

"Now get in."

Charley Osceola stepped lightly into the canoe and the man followed him, his greater weight and awkwardness dipping the round-bottomed craft perilously before he got seated in the bow, facing Charley Osceola at the stern.

"Now head for the mouth of Shark River," he ordered, and pushed the paddle toward Charley Osceola, "and no tricks, mind. I know these 'glades."

He's lying, Charley Osceola told himself. He doesn't know the 'glades. He'll never know where I'm taking him to. If I just sit here and refuse to paddle him anywhere. . . .

A dry, sharp little sound jumped out into the swamp stillness as the man cocked the hammer on his revolver. "Let's get going," he said.

Charley Osceola set his paddle into the black surface of the motionless river. He would paddle the man as he demanded, but only along this side of the river. Nothing, not even the killer and his revolver could make him break tradition and take his marriage canoe to the other side of the river. Not until Annie Tommie was there in the bow, where this ugly man sat, would the canoe cross to the other side.

And they were a pinpoint of movement, lost within thousands of square miles of swampland and sawgrass and black rivers and ageless jungle.

During the first couple of hours, as they rode in silence, it came to Charley Osceola with conviction that his captor would have no compunction whatever about using the gun in his heavy hand, though he was not going to use it if he could help it—not until the end of the journey. There was someone at the mouth of Shark River to pick him up by boat, and once there, this man had no intention of letting an Indian boy return to his camp to tell of what had happened.

"You got water?" the man asked.

Charley Osceola nodded. "Rolled in blanket behind you."

The man reached back, keeping his eye and his revolver on Charley Osceola, and brought the rolled blanket around in front of him. He found the canteen and drank, then he found Charley Osceola's lunch. "Food, too, huh?" He began to help himself to the bread and meat. "You ever go two days without food and water?"

"You been in swamp two days?" Charley Osceola asked him.

"Yeah."

Charley Osceola grinned. The man did not know the 'glades like he claimed. He was no man of swamp. If he were he wouldn't have gone two days without water; he would have dug a hole in the muck with his hands and waited a few minutes for it to fill with good water.

The man ate all the food, dropped the crumpled newspaper over the side, took another long drink from the canteen. Charley Osceola was very thirsty, too, but he did not ask for a drink.

They came into an open strip of sawgrass country. The sunlight was hot and like a heavy weight on Charley Osceola's back, and the pull of the miles had drawn his nerves wire-tight. The man in the bow rode hunched down on his shoulder-blades and his hat pulled to his eyebrows. The hammer was down on his revolver now, but he kept it in his lap, pointed at Charley Osceola, and with his finger inside the trigger guard.

Charley Osceola studied his captor. He had rescued this man from the jungle. He was saving him from almost certain death, and the man was the worst of men, for in repayment he was going to make Charley Osceola lose the woman that he wanted more than anything in life. Even if the man did not kill him at the mouth of Shark River, he could never paddle all that distance back to camp by sunrise in the morning.

The man said suddenly: "We're moving damn slow. Give it a little more pressure."

Charley Osceola shook his head stubbornly, and the man didn't say any more. Charley Osceola had hoped that while they were going through the hot sunlight of the sawgrass country

the big man might show signs of drowsiness and relax his watchfulness, but he didn't. He spent the time drinking Charley Osceola's water.

The oceans of sawgrass, spreading back from both banks of the river, finally passed astern, and the jungle again dropped over them like a flung blanket, the walls of it building up high on each side, tumbling in forever closer.

Now it was almost sundown time. Annie Tommie would be standing beside her mother's *chikee* watching the 'glades trail for him.

The sun finally burned itself out, and for a few short minutes purple twilight clung to the silvery, naked trunks of the ancient cypresses; then darkness grabbed all the jungle in its silent, mysterious grip.

There are old Seminole words that say the swamp is for the Seminole alone, that it was given to him by great *Micco* in Beyond, and that it will protect the Seminole from all harm.

How was the dense tangle of forest or the silent waters or the creatures that lived here going to save him from the renegade white man's bullet? Charley Osceola solemnly asked himself that as he worked his paddle. Then he got one of those messages that come from the inner depths of a man's being. And like a quick flash of forked lightning the knowledge was on him. He knew how these things would save him.

Charley Osceola held close to the bank, so close that he could have reached out and touched the great white night-blooming flowers that peered out of the blackness along the bank. The huge blossoms were like patches of white clouds in a sooty sky. He had planned to bring Annie Tommie past here tomorrow night so she could pick them as they moved along, lots of them, enough to fill the canoe if she wanted to.

He knew exactly where he was every minute. And when the moon was straight above, he was right where he wanted to be. His timing had been good. His eyes moved along the cool denseness of the far bank until they found the twin cypress that knelt in the water. And farther back, he glimpsed it, his marriage house.

Then he took a deep breath and sent out his 'gator call: *"N-u-n-g-h! N-u-n-g-h!"*

The canoe dipped and rocked wildly as the man in the bow jerked up straight. "What the hell was that!"

Charley Osceola was grinning. He laid his paddle across his legs and put his hands to his mouth and sent out the call again: *"N-u-n-g-h! N-u-n-g-h!"*

"Say, that's you doing that!" the man hissed.

Charley Osceola said mildly: "I am only talking with my friend the 'gator." He listened into the cool stillness, then made the call again.

"Cut out the games! Get going!"

"When I have rested my shoulders," Charley Osceola said. He held his paddle but did not dip it.

"I'll give you five minutes to rest," the man said, "no more."

Charley Osceola moved one foot slightly and felt the coil of his capture rope under his toes, the light rope he used for taking alligators alive. He didn't reach for the rope, not yet. He waited, and nothing touched the stolid patience that was his heritage.

Then he saw the two big eye humps move silently out of the shadowy blackness of the opposite bank. The white man hadn't seen them; his eyes were not trained to read subtle movement in a swamp night. Without the slightest ripple of the surface the great hulk of the bull 'gator moved almost imperceptibly toward the canoe. Charley Osceola, without seeming to, watched those wide-apart eye humps inching their way across the oily water.

A tap on the snout would send the 'gator floundering and churning to the bottom of the river and away. Charley Osceola knew those things, but the man in the other end of the canoe didn't.

When Charley Osceola lifted his paddle the man probably thought they were going to move on, but Charley Osceola, using the paddle as a spear, jabbed the blade down on the 'gator's snout with all his strength. The 'gator exploded into action. His great tail splashed up a sheet of water as it swung him in a

"All together now—'Tramp, tramp along the highway' . . ."

turning dive, and he was gone for his bank cave. The man with the gun clutched wildly at the side of the canoe with his free hand while he tried foolishly to scramble to his knees. Charley Osceola saw that much as he rolled the canoe and went overside.

The water was closing over him when he heard the crash of the revolver, the report shouting into the forest stillness. Then he was standing on the bottom of the river, his capture rope clutched in his hand. There was a bright flash as the shiny revolver plunged past him and disappeared into the water grass that carpeted the bottom of the stream. Looking up, he saw the man floundering in the water, churning his legs in a frantic effort to get a hold on the smooth bottom of the capsized canoe. He got it finally and hung there, looking crazily like a man walking in the air.

CHARLEY OSCEOLA opened the loop of his capture rope and came up under those legs, and as if he was roping a 'gator, slipped the noose over the feet. Then he dropped back to the bottom, clutched a tuft of the tough grass with his free hand to give him purchase, and pulled the man down until he was below the surface. He thrashed at the end of the rope as wildly as any 'gator Charley Osceola had ever caught. But Charley Osceola was soon needing air, and as the man's thrashing began to subside, he swam to the near bank, climbed out into the cool air, and dragged the man out on to land. The big killer was no problem now.

Charley Osceola tied him securely, hand and foot, with Indian knots, then pumped the water out of him. Then he left him tied up and swam out and got his canoe and brought it in and up on to the bank. He dumped the water out of it and went back for the paddle.

After that he took off his clothes and wrung the water out of them and hung them over some bushes where he would pick them up tomorrow. He stood a moment in the moon glitter, realizing now for the first time how very tired he was; then he slipped into the water and swam across and went to his marriage house and ate some of the marriage food and water stored there. Then he got his other clothes and his new rifle in its waterproof case and swam the river again, holding the clothes and the rifle out of the water.

He found his captive flopping about on the bank, straining at his bonds. "What the hell is this?" the man spluttered angrily, then rolled his head to one side and burped swamp water.

Charley Osceola rubbed himself down and got into his dry clothes. Then he took his rifle out of its case, threw a cartridge into the barrel and put it in the canoe.

"What are you going to do?" the man demanded between fits of coughing.

Charley Osceola rolled the man into the canoe like a dead boar. He lay there groaning, his face against the bottom of the canoe. The bluster and threatening was all washed out of him now.

Charley Osceola stepped into his canoe, took up his paddle and headed back the way they had come.

The man struggled to get turned over on to his back. "Look, boy," he gasped. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Take you to my camp. Some of my uncle take you to Miami police."

"Look," the man pleaded, "we'll make a deal, huh? I got money, see? Take me to the mouth of Shark River. You can leave me tied up there if you want, but take me there. I got a belt around me, boy. More money in it than you ever saw. You take the belt off me and take me to the mouth of Shark River. You leave me there and beat it, see? I could never catch you—you know that. I wouldn't try to."

Charley Osceola swung his paddle in silence.

His prisoner made intermittent attempts to bargain for his freedom, but the Seminole boy was expending no energy in foolish talk now. He needed it all for putting the long miles of black water behind him. Somewhere deep in the jungle a panther screamed, and the bright little insect sounds stood shimmering like powdered silver in the velvety silence it left. After the scream of the panther the man in the bottom of the canoe never spoke another word.

When the east wind blew the first spray of dawn slanting into the sky, Charley Osceola couldn't believe it had come so soon. He pulled furiously at his paddle, sending the canoe streaking through the living darkness that still clung to the river. Then daylight was soon staining all of the night and the long-legged swamp birds were galloping overhead, riding the wind to their feeding grounds.

There was yet a mile to go along the trail to camp. Charley Osceola was sweating freely. He drove the boat into the side. Then he hurriedly untied the man's feet, but left his hands tied behind him, and helped him to step out of the canoe. He picked up his rifle and followed, and when they stood on the path Charley Osceola said: "Now walk!"

Black fury flared in the man's eyes. "Look——"

"Walk!" Charley Osceola gave him a shove.

"What if I don't?" he snarled.

Charley Osceola stood a moment with the sour sweat smell in his nostrils. Then very carefully he pulled the injector of his rifle half back and checked the cartridge in the firing chamber. Of course, he must not break tradition. For no purpose must he fire his marriage rifle, not even once, until he brought down game for his bride. But the renegade white man did not know that. He jammed the bolt home and said again: "Walk!"

The man hesitated, analysing what he saw in the Indian's eyes, then turned and headed down the path.

Charley Osceola glanced at the ripening sky. "Run!" he commanded, and jabbed the muzzle of the rifle into the man's spine. The man swore and began to jog-trot.

As they came into the camp clearing, the first thing Charley Osceola saw was the highway patrol car at the front of the camp and the Seminole men gathered around it talking to the patrolmen. Then his eyes sought Annie Tommie. She was standing waiting, the first sunrays glinting on her black hair that was freshly combed for her wedding.

WHEN the patrolmen had taken the man away in their car, the Osceola clan gathered before the house of Annie Tommie's parents. Annie Tommie's happiness was in her eyes as she faced her man. She held out her loaf of bread, and he held out his strip of venison to her; then they spoke their words, and all the people of the camp danced about them. And when the ceremony was over, Charley Osceola went to his mother's *chikee* to sleep until the evening, when he would walk with his bride along the 'glades trail to their marriage canoe.

He lay on the pallet where he had slept for as long as he could remember, and felt the stiffness of fatigue crawl up the muscles of his arms and back. When he closed his eyes, there was gritty fire under their lids, and his arms seemed still to be swinging with the rhythm of his paddle.

Then suddenly he was in the canoe again, his prisoner was getting to his knees and he had the shiny revolver in his hand. Charley Osceola gave a leap to kick the gun out of the man's hand, and came awake with a start. He was sitting up on his bed, his heart hammering in his eardrums. He let his tired body relax. Outside were the sounds of his people, and spread all about was the golden sunlight of his wedding day. He lay back again, smiling, and sank into a deep and contented sleep. THE END

STOLEN JOURNEY (8) by OLIVER PHILPOT

ILLUSTRATION BY [illegible]

There was nothing to plan. What I needed now was luck. Picking up my escape kit I leapt from the tunnel and streaked towards the wood

Out of the tunnel—and away

The great day of escape has arrived. After two years of p.o.w. captivity, Oliver Philpot breaks out of the Wooden Horse tunnel to start his daring journey across Germany

I AWOKE. THE DAY FOR breaking out of the Wooden Horse tunnel and escaping from Stalag Luft III had come. The weather was fine. No longer would I work on the tunnel and then return to a prison-camp bunk; instead—why, twenty-four hours from now I should be in Danzig! Should be.

I washed and shaved, and during shaving cut off the ends of my moustache. I had decided that Jon Jörgensen, Norwegian business man—my proposed identity during my escape across Germany—should have a silly Hitler moustache. It looked quite effective. I went off to breakfast and then out on to the usual morning parade. Time was racing by.

I found myself changing into sports kit, and over in the canteen. Into the vaulting horse and out, up with the old familiar anchor sandbags, and boards, and down into the tunnel. We had planned for no less than three horse trips on this day; a record number. This unusual morning trip was to collect the last twelve bags from a round of thirty-six.

The horse went in. The twelve bags of sand were passed swiftly up to Archer, the Australian, who was dispersing more or less at random in the roof. If the Germans searched up there today, it was just too bad.

Lunch came and went. I was dimly conscious of Roger, Robert, Tommie and other p.o.w.s fluttering about being friendly, and of their having prepared some rather special food (to their own detriment), and of a general refrain of "Go on, Ollie—feed yourself up, old boy."

Roger and I proceeded to the canteen. In "Dean and Dawson's" little office lay my two parcels, Mike's parcel, and a two-thirds full kitbag belonging to Bill. This was our luggage. Mike arrived, wearing a greatcoat. Underneath he had his "going away" clothes. Quickly he pulled on his darkened ghost suit over the top. He stood there momentarily, looking rather like a fencer, appearing somehow rather dark and Spanish. He was flushed, and ready for anything; he had no small talk just now; he confined himself efficiently to the operation in progress. Willing hands helped with the parcels and very soon Mike and I found ourselves in the horse, being carried out and holding between us a perilously balanced assortment of bundles which were taking up far too much room.

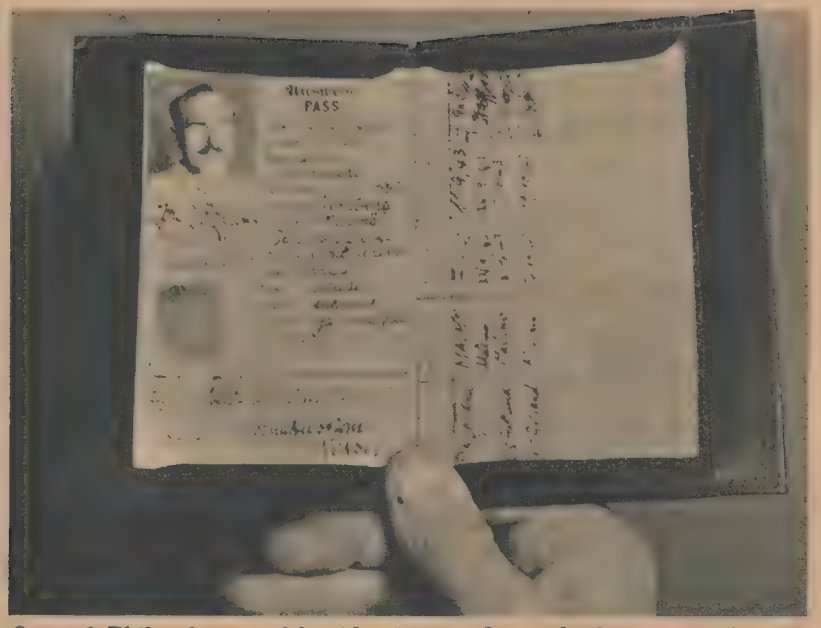
Mike went down. "Don't forget a good airhole or two under the wire, Mike. Won't be noticed there," I said. "No—I'll be all right," and he disappeared from my sight up the tunnel.

Then the obvious mistakes began to happen. The luggage had to be hauled up the tunnel to a point eighty or ninety feet away by Mike, who would then insert the parcels, in correct order, in wall cavities made for the purpose. The towing string broke frequently and we had to crawl towards one another in the darkness to mend it. The bundles bumped about and got jammed. In the end they all arrived safely and Mike even passed me down some basins of sand in the normal way. I filled some bags.

It was time to go in, so I hung the filled bags up, told Mike I was going, and fixed the trap down. Mike would be by himself sealed in the tunnel for some hours now; I hoped that he would be all right. He was entirely on his own resources. I felt like a gravedigger as I heaved the sandbags into position over the trap and smoothed over the loose sand. For the last time I felt the jolt of the horse on the inward journey into the canten.

I got into my escape clothes. Jon Jörgensen, alias Oliver Philpot, was taking form. My documents arrived from "Dean and Dawson" by special messenger, and I put some in one pocket, some in another. My money arrived. One hundred and fifty precious Reichsmarks, all in notes.

Now it was *Appell* time. And one man was



One of Philpot's two fake identity cards made by p.o.w. forgers. Printing was hand done, "official" stamp cut from a rubber heel

To prove he was an escaped p.o.w. if recaptured by the Gestapo, Philpot wore his prison identity disc hidden under wife's photo

missing—Mike.. One of the group captains was covering him, by being a pilot officer ill in bed one minute and getting counted a second time as a group captain a moment later, having left the sick bed quickly. These things were dodgy, but group captains could walk about on parade, and we had to use this advantage. Fortunately it was a cold evening. It was not, therefore, unreasonable to wear greatcoats on parade.. I put my great long Polish Army coat over Jon Jörgensen's finery, and fell in.

Here was the count. Feldwebel Stuhmeyer going along the front rank in his usual efficient way, counting quickly, not looking worried at all. But why did he stop opposite me, and wave his hand towards *me* of all people? There was a long dreadful pause; but it was only to make the man behind me cover off properly. Stuhmeyer moved on. He saw no hint of what lay under my coat. Soon after, the parade broke up; the count had been successfully faked. I made my way to the canteen.

The horse had never been taken out with three men in it before. I sat on one beam, Bill on the other. A nippy little New Zealander named McKay, who had volunteered to close the tunnel trap on us, was jammed between us more or less in mid-air. Up, creak, creak, and out. We formed a human octopus of hands, legs and arms. Down went the horse over the trap. We prised the boards open—an infernally difficult job with three of us crammed inside the horse.

We're Sealed Underground

Bill went down and took up a bottle of hot tea for Mike. Report came back that Mike was well, flourishing in fact. The tunnel didn't smell too fuggy. Bill and Mike sent down a few basins of sand from the face. I rested at the top, inside the horse, and let McKay do the work of bag filling. Better he get tired than I.

The daylight began to fail. David was in charge on the surface among the vaulters. "Soon now," he said and, shortly after, quietly, "I think I should pack up now. Good luck." McKay called up the tunnel that we were closing down. He handed the last sandbag up to me, and squeezed past me into the belly of the horse.

It was extraordinarily similar to plunging into a really cold sea. Hesitation was fatal. Trying hard to look nonchalant I said, "Thanks, Mac," and got down in the vertical shaft. "Good luck, boy," from Mac, a small figure looking rather forlorn, because he would like to have been on this, too. "You'll be all right." I squirmed around sufficiently in my bulky clothing to work my way up the horizontal shaft. As I crawled up it the sounds of the outside world were clipped off as Mac closed the trap—first one board, then the other and then the thud of the anchor bags on top. It was now completely dark. We were firmly sealed into our tunnel, and there would be no going back. I experienced a feeling of blind, seething rebellion at the whole thing—but got over it. I crawled up the tunnel. Our escape from Stalag Luft III had begun.

About halfway along the tunnel I called to Bill and got a muffled answer. Mike was at the very end, past the wire altogether. Bill lay approximately under the outer fence, where the tunnel had lately been bent to the right. I was third man and remained in the middle of the tunnel under the danger strip.

Last Round Of Digging

Bill passed down some basins of sand to me. We still had some digging time left and Mike was forging ahead. Also the tunnel needed clearing as Mike had spent the afternoon by pushing on and amassing a great heap of sand behind him. As each basin arrived I emptied the sand out in front of me and smoothed it out towards the sides. Then I scooped it back past my body and drew myself forward over it.

During a pause I felt over my clothing and equipment in the darkness. I wore my complete Norwegian outfit, my suit, shirt, collar and tie, shoes and so on. Over the top of everything was my dyed Red Cross vest, and Red Cross long underpants; over my shoes a large extra pair of socks. All three of us wore this dark outer covering which we hoped would not show up in the lights. I felt through the woollen vest for the safety-pin fastening my right-hand jacket pocket. Here were my forged papers, upon which "Dean and Dawson" had worked for so many months. On the other side was my tunnel exit equipment—my gloves and the dark Ku-Klux-Klan type helmet with the armour-like slits for the eyes and nose. Jimmie's £28 10s. Rolex, which he had so generously given to me, showed up clearly on my wrist.

Down the basins came. I had kept count—five, ten, then fifteen, and now nineteen and twenty. My body swam with sweat, and the air began to get heavy, foetid and really bad. I wondered whether to make an air-hole with a stick which I had, but the poker incident of weeks ago warned me against this. It just wouldn't do. Gasping, I crawled up to Bill.

We had already consulted on the time at ten minutes to six (p.m.) about forty-five minutes after we had been sealed down. It could not be long now. The footguard whose patrol lay on the path just above Mike was due on at 6.30 p.m.—our train was at seven o'clock. I yanked myself up the tunnel. "Bill—airhole," I called. "It's pretty bloody down here. Sorry, but it's time for one."

"No need," Bill said. "What's the time?" I looked at the luminous dial of my watch. "Just on six."

"Thought it was about that. We're breaking now. Will you tie my kitbag to my foot?"

"O.K."

"You'll have to follow me and come up when the bag moves."

"Right." I got his kitbag out of its special wall cavity and my fingers tied it to his ankle. They seemed to work almost independently of my thinking self . . . a long way away almost.

"Good luck, Bill."

"Good luck, Ollie," and by some contortionist feat Bill's right hand came groping back to meet mine in the sand and darkness. "Sorry I've been such a ruddy nuisance on your *dienst*," I said. We had always argued strongly about the whole operation, and after all, it was originally Bill's and Mike's tunnel. "Not at all, wouldn't have missed having you for worlds," Bill whispered, which was pretty generous.

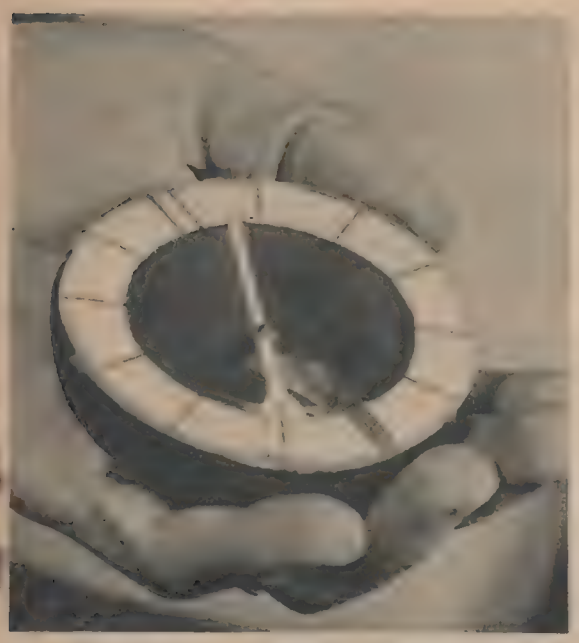
Almost as Bill spoke there was a very dull "crump," and then another, and more. I suddenly felt my head clear as some clean air flowed in and my eyes and cheeks and neck felt cooler. Mike had broken the tunnel! After all those long tiring months of digging we were at last on the freedom side of the wire.

The dull noises went on. Mike was carving the roof of the tunnel above him right up there at the end. Chunks of sand were caving in, on and around him. We didn't dare to speak any more. In the dark I kept my hand on Bill's kitbag. It moved. I crawled up after it. I picked up my two parcels which were in cavities that Mike had carved. I pushed one ahead of me, against Bill's kitbag; the other I dragged along more or less beside my knees.

Suspense Before Breakout

There were pauses. During them my whole attitude to the tunnel suddenly changed. For months I had loathed it. It was my worst enemy—like the sea to people who hate all bodies of water. Now, as my imagination leapt ahead to the operation of getting out of it, I could only think of boundary lights, searchlights, goons in boxes, harsh excited German shouts; and, above all, the cracking, splitting noise of shots disturbing a peaceful country night. I now almost wanted to pat the tunnel—as an old dog for which I had an affection. This earthwork was now no longer enemy but friend. It gave me cover. I had air now—and it was safe, homely; I wanted to lie in it forever.

The kitbag moved on. I had to follow. Suddenly I lost it, it moved ahead so fast. Then . . . it wasn't there at all. I squirmed on. I came to heaps of loose sand, to the end of the tunnel. There was no sign whatsoever of Bill



His compass: materials—gramophone disc and needle, razor blades and a press stud

and Mike. I turned on my side and looked up. There was a hole and through it the night sky and, quite distinctly, the leaves of a scraggy tree nearby. There was plenty of light. I could see what I was doing.

Above all there was the silence—no shouting of guards, no firing. Bill and Mike had made it. It was now my turn.

Mike had done his stuff well. It was a good big hole, and the little den was big enough to crouch in. I poked my head up out of the end of the Trojan Horse tunnel. Theoretically, I should be appearing in a pool of shadow, somewhere between the beams of the permanently fixed arc lights set up on telephone poles at intervals in the wire. In fact, I felt like an ant on a brilliantly-lit billiard table.

I glanced quickly at the nearest goon-box which was possibly seventy feet away to my left. The goon was leaning on his veranda rail, looking into the camp, at all the huts behind me. I could not only see him, but could, from his attitude, sense that he was feeling more or less alert, but moody. I pulled my head down quickly. I must be very conspicuous. As I withdrew into the hole again I caught a glimpse of the roadway and the dark woods beyond. The sanctuary of the trees seemed a million miles away.

A Running Target

There seemed nothing to plan. This was where you wanted luck. Waiting was useless. I pulled out my overcoat bundle, lifted it up and through the hole, and placed it openly on the top of the ground outside. I did the same with the other bundle. Without any further reconnaissance I scrambled out of the hole, bent down to pick up the two parcels, and streaked across the road. We had always said that the thing to do was to crouch and slip over it slowly. Such plans were flung to the winds. A running target was more difficult than an ambling one.

The wood we had always regarded as thick. In practice, when I rushed into it, panting like a grampus, it had transformed itself into a sort of parkland. The few trees which were real cover were widely spaced apart; between them was low scrub through which I crashed. Go as carefully as I would, I still made a noise. Some yards inside the wood I forced myself to pull up. There must be no further noise.

I looked back at the camp, and for the first time saw, as a free man, a prison-camp from outside. The scene had something of the lighting effect of a fair at night, except that the wire stood out in sharp relief, and I could see the goons in the boxes wearing their Luftwaffe caps. I could discern the huts, and heard the clink of a water jug, the sudden sound of p.o.w. voices in argument. All familiar enough sounds.

I walked fairly slowly, and carefully, deeper into the wood. There was a path at the back and I scanned this to avoid running into any people. At the path I turned to the right, *away* from the station. I found privacy in a little clearing among some young pine trees which acted as a curtain. There was no time to lose. It was already 6.10 p.m. I tore off and flung aside my stifling face mask, and peeled off my covering vest and pants. My outer socks I removed from over my shoes and put them on as a second pair of socks. Now for the bundles. I tore open the vest coverings and pulled out my greatcoat. Then I unfastened my suitcase, took out my Anthony Eden hat, brushed and straightened it. Sand was the main trouble. I brushed and brushed my jacket, my ears, neck and face. It kept falling out of my hair.

My watch said 6.24. As the footguard was due on at 6.30 p.m., I had to be off. I put on my hat at the right angle, and removed a chunk of sand from my ear. I turned up the collar of my R.A.F. greatcoat, adjusted the belt, tested my pockets—money here, papers there—and picked up my suitcase. At 6.25 p.m. I pushed the little trees apart, and strode boldly along the woodland path. Jon Jörgensen's journey had begun.

As I approached the footbridge over the railway tracks, which I knew I had to cross, I heard voices—women's voices. This was Jon's first test. Did he look all right? I walked up the steps of the bridge, which clattered with a loud sound. The women, dim forms, were coming in the opposite direction and passed me without a glance. I felt relieved—and confident.

On the bridge I looked over to the left. There were signal and platform lights—Sagan Station, clearly. I came down the footbridge on the far side and walked along a gloomy little country road and into the station building. I made straight for the booking office in the entrance hall.

Bogus Frenchman

I stood in the ticket queue. All around the rest of the hall were civilians and military, bustling about. A few seconds elapsed before I realized that the young Frenchman in front of me, with the black beret on and wearing the brown mackintosh, was none other than Mike. I didn't dare jab him in the small of the back to let him know I was there. In any case it wouldn't do—I was Jon Jörgensen now.

The queue moved relentlessly on. We had rehearsed all this ticket procedure before. Here it was going to take place in real earnest. Now it was Mike's turn to buy a ticket, and the girl in the ticket office was no wizened, apathetic old crone, but young and alert—perhaps too alert. The head with the black beret was bending down to talk to her through the opening in the glass. All went well. Mike—or rather Michel Condé, the French worker—got his two tickets. I saw him move off towards a burly figure in a beret and mackintosh—Bill.

There was a slight pause. Now it was my turn. My hand which held my twenty-mark note crushed it in anxiety. My throat felt dry as my lips formed the well-rehearsed words. *"Nach Küstrin—einmal—dritte classe, bitte."* The girl produced the ticket and then started to fill the little round metal turntable tray with coins. She swung the tray round and I collected my change. I felt good. I had not touched money for nearly two years.

A crowd from some recently arrived train surged down against us in the hall and then the traditional p.o.w. crisis happened. The German Stalag Luft III doctor—Herr Doktor Lechten—was with this crowd, shoving along towards us and about to pass each one of the escaping prisoners, face to face, at a distance of a foot or two. Lechten had picked up p.o.w.s at the station before; he was alert, and he knew Bill. Luck was with us. We all saw the doctor before he saw us. What the other two did I never knew. I ducked down and had great

Oliver Philpot—alias Jon Jörgensen, a Norwegian business man—in the clothes he wore on his escape through Germany

difficulty with my shoelace — it was very stubborn. The crowd moved on and with it the doctor. I straightened up. Another crisis was over.

I strolled up the platform into a dark patch at the end. From here I could see the black woods screening the lights of Sagan from my gaze. The Rolex showed that it was ten past seven. Would the express never come? By now some fool German soldier would have fallen into the tunnel exit and would have broken his leg. Surely any minute now the *Kommandantur* would be ringing the Sagan stationmaster: "Examine all train passengers—three British prisoners have escaped."

At last, at 7.24 p.m., signal lights flickered, a whistle from out in the darkness was heard and everyone gathered nearer the platform edge with an air of expectancy. An enormous locomotive came snorting in, dragging a fine-looking train behind it. I found a third-class coach.

I stood in the train corridor under a sickly, bluish black-out light. There were two large German civilians—men, one on each side—and one or two green-uniformed soldiers by the telescopic corridor leading to the next car. I stood still, staring sullenly at the wall panelling, not encouraging conversation. The train

Continued on page 29

Night life for the French colonials—rulers of a land of quick profits

Morocco, the uneasy playground

by IAN BEVAN

No taxes, and aperitifs in the sunshine. You would think the French and Spaniards had found a paradise. But underneath is Arab discontent

"IF YOU WANT TO EAT A big cake," said my host in London, "you have to cut it into small slices." He gestured at the map hanging on the wall. "That's what we Europeans have done in Morocco. One big slice for the French, a smaller slice for the Spanish, and little pieces with lots of fancy icing for the other six nations which share Tangier. Go there and see for yourself; then you'll understand what Machiavelli meant by 'divide and rule'."

I went, I saw and I understood. At the turn of the century Morocco was one country ruled by an all-powerful sultan. Today it is split into three by boundaries which not even the sultan can cross without permission from his European masters.

Machiavelli would be delighted to see how completely his fifteenth-century theory has been put into twentieth-century practice. Only one thing might make him pause and wonder: the more completely the country is divided, the more unified the Moroccans become in their loyalty to the sultan and in their opposition to European rule. Everywhere, from the French capital of Rabat to the Spanish capital of Tetuan, Arab nationalists are busy on their campaign for independence. The fires of revolt, which burned for so long in the Rif Mountains, have been smothered but not extinguished.

The spirit of revolt is felt most strongly in Spanish Morocco, where Franco has about 130,000 troops to keep order in a country not much more than three times the size of Yorkshire and with less than a million native inhabitants. It costs him upwards of 700,000,000 pesetas (about £10,000,000) a year.

Oddly enough, although the Rif Mountains are thought to be rich in minerals, the Spaniards have never tried to make the country pay. Not so the French, who are busy exploiting the wealth of their zone just as hard as they can. The commercial centre of the French protectorate is Casablanca, an ugly city of concrete buildings, chromium shopfronts and garish advertising hoardings. Casablanca means money, and business men have crowded in from all over the world to reap the profits.

Most of the buildings are designed in the box-like style which is generally termed "modern architecture," and surely is destined to become as dated as the ornamented grotesqueries of the Victorian era. The Anfa Hotel, on the outskirts of the town, where Churchill and Roosevelt held their 1943 conference, is typical. It is gleaming white, efficiently planned and utterly hideous.

Harbour Makes The Money

The reason for Casablanca's prosperity is the harbour, which is an artificial creation of French engineers. The breakwater does not prevent a dangerous swell in rough weather, but the profitable tide of commerce is sufficiently strong to overcome the dangerous tide of Nature.

South of Casablanca is Marrakech, where Churchill spent a convalescent holiday. This is the home of El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakech, who lives in a style which rivals the Aga Khan and the Sultan of Johore at their more splendid moments. The pasha is well into his seventies, but still enjoys a gay time in Paris and generally buys himself a new Rolls-Royce every year. His palace is one of the wonders of the modern world. No one knows officially whether he has used the Moslem privilege of having four wives, but he certainly has a large household.

A free spender, he runs up big bills which the French often pay as a gesture of thanks for the active support he has given them in two World Wars. His last trip to Paris is said to have cost them about £43,000. He saved the day for French rule after the first World War and swung the country behind the Allies after the North African landings in 1942.

El Glaoui is one of the local chiefs through whom the sultan nominally rules. In theory the sultan can appoint anyone he likes as a pasha, but his last five nominations have been over-ruled by the French. In Spanish Morocco he is not even consulted.

There is no elected assembly of any kind in the French zone, and Moroccan workers are forbidden to form trade unions. Government is by royal decree. French officials in Rabat write the decrees and the sultan signs them. Sometimes he queries a point or two, but General-of-the-Army Alphonse Juin, the tenth and present Resident-General, is not the sort of man who appreciates an argument.

Milking The Taxes

Taxes are collected by the pashas, through their subsidiary chiefs the kaïds. Kaïds and pashas support themselves by what sticks to their hands on the way up to the national treasury. They do tolerably well. French residents are exempt from all taxation except indirect taxes. The French justify their tax policy by saying it acts as bait to bring capital into the country. It also makes for pleasant living, and the French have worked out a very pleasant way of life for themselves in North Africa.

Rabat is typical of their methods. There is the old city with its flat-roofed houses, its twisting streets, its noises and its smells, which the French have left almost untouched.

Outside the walls the French have built their own modern homes and offices, with wide boulevards, sidewalk cafés and much better plumbing than they have as a rule in France. Apart from the monotony of the white plaster façades, this new Rabat is a charming and comfortable city.

They Always Talk Of France

Its most important street is the Avenue des Touargas, a graceful, curving boulevard which is bordered by the principal Government offices and leads to the house of the French Resident-General. At five o'clock each weekday evening the avenue is filled with chattering civil servants off to their apéritifs, their homes and their nostalgic talk of France. These are the rulers of French Morocco: Europeans governing Arabs whose ancestors once threatened to rule the best part of Europe.

It is difficult for a visitor to meet the wealthier Arabs, or to see inside their homes, but I was lucky to have an introduction to Ahmed Balafredj, a well-known political figure in Rabat, and an extremely rich man who is devoting most of his fortune to educating Arab children. He lives in a modern, two-storey house in the European quarter, beautifully decorated in a modified, traditional Moorish style. He received me in a large room with heavily embroidered divans around the wall and deep-piled native carpets on the floor.

An Arab host always offers his guest refreshment, and a few minutes after I arrived a barefooted servant padded in carrying a beaten-silver tray with glasses. Instead of the mint tea I had expected, the servant handed me a glass of iced Coca-Cola.

Conquest By Kindergarten

Balafredj must be the only man who has ever set out to conquer a country of nine million people by starting a kindergarten for girls. This kindergarten, which cuts directly across Islamic prejudice against the emancipation of women, is part of his ambitious modern school, which has 650 pupils.

Until the last few years almost the only education available to Arabs in this part of the world has been a religious one, often limited to learning passages of the Koran by heart. Not surprisingly, there are only five or six native-born doctors, no engineers, just a few lawyers and accountants. Even the most ardent Arab nationalists admit they would find it hard to get along without technical assistance from the Western Powers, but Balafredj has accepted the challenge and is doing his utmost to produce the educated people needed to run an independent state. He is secretary-general of a political party, working for independence, known as "Istiqlal." Head of the party is Allal el Fassi, one of the greatest modern Arabic poets, who lives in Tangier, where the international régime protects him.

Another worker for independence who finds it discreet to live in Tangier is Abdul Khaliq Torres, a jovial man who can be found almost every afternoon sipping tea and eating luscious

Continued on page 30

BLACKMAIL IS SO DIFFICULT

Miss Prince had two minutes to decide, and three days to pay. Watching her, the man knew he'd won. He didn't know Miss Prince

As the voice rang out, Smith leaped up. He grasped a candlestick

by MICHAEL GILBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE HODGSON

I HAVE KNOWN MISS PRINCE for a good many years, and I have liked her as long as I have known her. I have also respected her and, occasionally, feared her; but I have never pretended to understand her.

The first thing about her was her early Victorian sense of justice. She seemed to possess, in the fullest degree, those clear, hard, unsentimental, unshifting ideas of the difference between right and wrong that belong to the first years of the Young Queen.

Then she was a practical philanthropist. She chose her objects wisely and gave generously. She imposed only one condition on her gifts. If her name was so much as whispered in connection with them, she never gave to that cause again.

There was one other thing: I happened to know roughly what her income was. Most of it came from investments, and she was still enjoying some patent rights from her father's inventions. She lived in modest comfort in North London and she kept a maid. But on occasions her gifts seemed to exceed her means.

In the summer of last year, in particular, her donations reached a high point of generosity. It was entirely by accident that I discovered the source of this money. Packer she's the maid I mentioned—is a good-hearted garrulous creature and some of the details came from her. The other facts were there, for everybody to read, in the newspapers. . . .

ONE fine May morning Miss Titmus, who rented the top floor of a quiet house, in a quiet crescent in North London, folded a blanket on the linoleum of the kitchen floor, sat down on it, laid her grey head back on to the pillow she had placed inside the gas oven, and turned on the tap. Her landlady, who lived in the basement smelled the gas and hobbled up to see what it was about. She was too late by half an hour to do any good.

Spring turned to summer and summer faded into the white mists of autumn and on one of those dark November days, when the second instalment of the rates is overdue and the Christmas bonus is still in the distant and problematical future, Mr. Medlicott, who had a house not far from the North Circular Road, swallowed a glass of salts-of-lemon and died before the morning, in great agony, but stiff-lipped to the end.

Inquiry revealed that Mr. Medlicott was overdrawn at the bank, and had been worried by his creditors.

The next case, which came along with the first daffodils in the spring of the new year, was of a somewhat different type.

Miss Merrant was a small woman of about sixty. At about six in the evening, when light was fading, she climbed the protective barrier and walked out on to the parapet of one of London's roadway viaducts. It was a straight drop of nearly a hundred feet to the concrete below. But she was evidently a woman who believed in taking no chances and therefore she waited until she saw a heavy lorry, towing a heavy trailer, come swinging down the hill. She judged her moment had arrived and stepped off into space.

The driver caught a glimpse of her body flailing through the air and stamped on the brake, pulling his monster to a screaming standstill. He climbed out, whitefaced. For a moment he thought his imagination had been playing tricks with him, and then he heard a moan from somewhere above his head. Looking up he saw Miss Merrant, voiceless, winded, but otherwise intact, in the sagging canopy of his lorry.

In due course the court missioner made a report. It concluded: "Miss Merrant, though not rich or even particularly well off, was financially quite solvent until the end of last year. She had an income from some investments left to her by her father, and a small 'nest egg' in the Post Office Savings Bank. In the last three months she appears to have sold these securities and drawn out the money in her savings account and spent it. She is very reticent about this and I cannot understand exactly where this money, amounting to eight or nine hundred pounds, has gone. Miss Merrant herself either cannot or will not help me."

"THERE is a man to see you, Miss Prince," Miss Prince folded her fat, white, cornelian-ringed hands in pleasant anticipation. "A man. Well, now. Isn't that nice. Should I, perhaps, be asking him to tea, Packer?"

"I rather fancy not, Miss Prince. He's not really—not quite——"

"I see. I wonder what he can be coming to see me about. Are we ready to receive him?"

Packer made a few deft arrangements while Miss Prince looked on approvingly.

The man who made his appearance a few moments later was on the young side of middle age, a little fat, a little bald, entirely nondescript. After an interval of hesitation, which was just long enough to be thunderingly rude, Miss Prince invited the stranger to be seated.

"Miss Prince?"

"You have the advantage of me, I am afraid."

"My name's Smith. I won't keep you long. Very good of you to see me."

"Not at all," said Miss Prince. "An old woman like me comes to be glad of any company."

"An—oh, yes, I see. Well, now Miss Prince, can I start the ball rolling by asking you a question? Do you know a Mrs. Preston?"

A sudden silence fell in that pleasant upstairs room. Miss Prince sat motionless. The stranger appeared to be in no hurry to break the silence. There was a little spurt of fire, a cinder fell tinkling from the grate, and with an apparent effort Miss Prince spoke. "Well. What an extraordinary question! Why do you ask it? Who are you?"

"Never mind for a moment who I am. Shall we stick to the question?"

"And if I refuse to answer your question?"

"Well," said the man reasonably, "either you do know Mrs. Preston or you don't. If you do, there's no harm in saying so." There was a plain edge to the voice now. "If you don't, perhaps you will explain how—" a little notebook came into play—"at eleven fifteen precisely this morning you approached the assistant in the sub-post office in Millpath Road, produced a Post Office Savings

book purporting to be made out in Mrs. Preston's name, and withdrew three pounds."

"I—you—I—" said Miss Prince. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear."

Out of his experience Smith gave her three minutes to get over it, and to cover the interval he went on talking, half to himself.

"Commonest form of crime," he said. "You ought to hear what the judges say. Very harsh about it. Always recommending the law to be tightened up. But it never does any good. So long as it's 'easy come, easy go,' 'Produce your book and we'll pay the money,' there's bound to be fraud. People," said Mr. Smith virtuously, "will always take advantage of any system based on public trust. Ingenious, too, some of them. Get hold of an old savings account book, like you did, and get to work on it. Ingenious," said Mr. Smith. "Very ingenious. But illegal."

"Do you . . ." said Miss Prince. "Are you a policeman?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Smith. "I'm a member of the public. One of the people you've been defrauding. I'm your victim, see." He showed his yellow teeth in a quiet smile.

"How did you . . . ?"

"Lady," said Mr. Smith. "I just watch for it. I stand in post offices and places and watch for it. If that young lady behind the counter hadn't been so busy gossiping to her girl friend she'd have spotted it a mile away. Your face, your voice, your hands. It was written in letters a mile and a half high, really it was."

Miss Prince seemed to have recovered a little of her former composure. She drew herself up in her chair, dabbed at her eyes with a lace handkerchief and said: "What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, now," said Mr. Smith. The interview seemed, in some way, to have reached a turning point. "You'll excuse me, I'm sure, but I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff." He got up with surprising speed, glanced round the room, looked behind the old leather and brass-nailed screen, peered behind the curtains.

"There," he said. "You'd be surprised what people think of. However, now we know we're alone, anything we talk about can be just between the two of us.. Now if I did no more than my plain duty you'd be in the dock. But there's worse places than the dock. There's Holloway Prison. Do you know the first thing they do to you at Holloway?"

Miss Prince made a very faint noise of inquiry.

"They cut all your hair off and wash you with yellow soap."

MISS PRINCE shuddered. "Don't talk like that. Please don't talk like that. It isn't—it's not only me. My family. My father would never have got over it. How lucky that he's dead. He was an inventor, you know."

They were always Army officers or inventors, thought Mr. Smith.

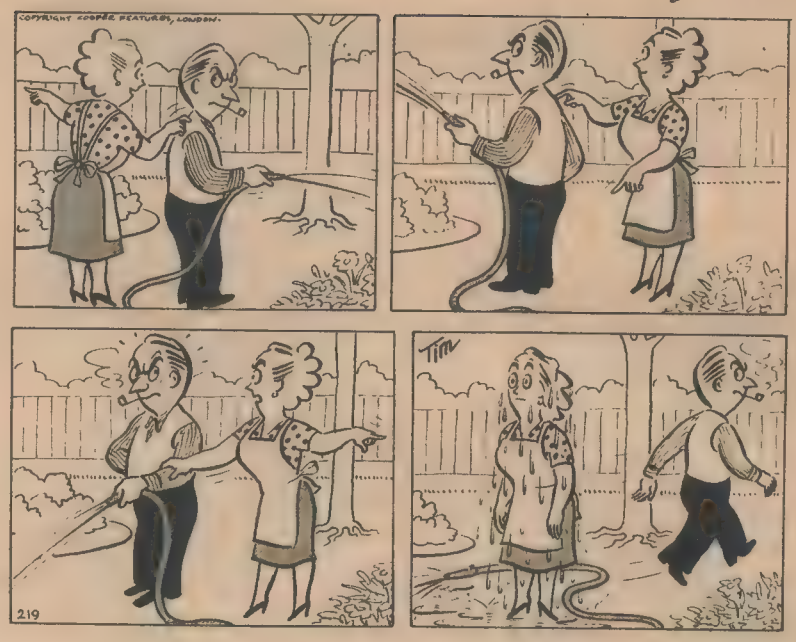
"He invented the first English phonograph," said Miss Prince. "But the big gramophone companies——"

"Quite," said Mr. Smith. "But the important thing at the moment is that I need some capital. And capital is a thing which is hard to come by. Income, now—I'd laugh at income. What's five pounds a week? Two pounds ten in the tax collector's pocket. But a nice round capital sum of five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred! I couldn't possibly——"

"It's going to save a lot of trouble

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



if I tell you straight out that I've been devoting a little time lately to having a look at your affairs. I know exactly what you've got in that current account of yours and I know what securities your nice kind bank manager is holding for you. It may mean realizing a little of that war stock."

"I don't think——"

"The offer's open for two minutes. At the end of that time the price goes up—to eight hundred."

Mr. Smith took out a watch.

Miss Prince's nerve held for exactly ten seconds, then she gave a little moan and said, "You must give me time."

"Three days," said Mr. Smith.

I HAVE no exact information about how Miss Prince spent the intervening three days. For the first forty-eight hours she does not seem to have done anything very much. Packer tells me that she doesn't think she was sleeping very well just then.

On the morning of the third day she saw her bank manager and drew five hundred pounds in pound notes.

And a few hours later she was saying: "Well, Mr. Smith, I'm glad you were able to get here."

"Like hell you are," said Mr. Smith shortly. "Have you got the money?"

"Yes, I've got the money." She took a sealed envelope out of her handbag and passed it over to Mr. Smith. "You'll find it's all there, just as you said. Five hundred pounds. I got it in one pound notes."

"Very kind of you," said Mr. Smith. "I think I'll count it." He was fumbling open the envelope with impatient fingers. "Not that I don't trust you, but mistakes will happen."

"There is just one thing I'd like to be sure about," said Miss Prince mildly. "How am I to know that once you have this money you won't soon be back asking for more!"

Mr. Smith looked up from his counting. "You'll just have to trust me," he said.

"Like Miss Merrant trusted you?" said Miss Prince.

Mr. Smith's fingers faltered, then stopped. There was silence in the room as he searched Miss Prince's face. Then he said, and for the first time there was a note of uncertainty in his voice, "What do you know about Miss Merrant?"

"Why, she is one of my dearest friends," said Miss Prince. "We're all a great big family up here in North London you know. I knew Miss Titmus, too, slightly. We had a nodding acquaintance, in the queues. Mr. Medlicott as well. I didn't know him personally. But I knew of him. He used to work in the same office—before he retired, of course—as my young cousin Alfred. . . ."

"So what," said Mr. Smith shortly. "What's all this leading up to? Why are you telling me all this?"

"It must have been almost exactly three months ago—" Miss Prince over-rode the interruption — "when they let Miss Merrant out of the nursing home. She came to see me and sat in that very chair you are sitting in now and between the two of us—" Miss Prince pounced forward a little in her chair like a fat but well-muscled cat—"we hatched up a little PLOT."

"What——" said Mr. Smith. "What——?"

"The advantage we had," went on Miss Prince, "was that we knew what was wrong in each case. We knew about Miss Titmus and her—well, I suppose there's no object in false modesty now — about her so-called husband and the letters that used to come to her every week. And we knew about Mr. Medlicott and the silly, silly things he did with his Post Office Savings book. I expect it was really that which gave us our idea. And Miss Merrant—she told me everything. It didn't seem a very big thing for her to have paid nine hundred pounds for, but I suppose that tastes differ. The thing about it all which struck us," Miss Prince rapped one hand delicately on the table—"the common factor in them all was that they were all *Post Office* matters—Miss Titmus's letters and Mr. Medlicott's savings account and Miss Merrant's silly telegrams. So we got the idea—I'm sure you'll tell me if we were wrong—that this person who was doing it all was obviously a person who hung around post offices a good deal to see if he could pick up information."

The shot went home.

"After that it was quite straightforward, but very, very tedious. We paid some money into an account in Packer's name——"

"That's a lie."

"Her name really is Mrs. Preston. Didn't you know? I call all my personal maids Packer. It's so much easier."

Mr. Smith found nothing to say to this.

"Then I drew out three pounds at a time for her in the most *furtive* manner—I'm really quite an actress, Mr. Smith—from practically every sub-office in North London. It was quite fatiguing."

"How are you going to prove this?"

"Of course, we'd thought of that. I can assure you I took the very best legal advice — without mentioning any names. I was told that I ought to have witnesses to two things. A witness that you asked for the money, and a witness that I paid it to you. Well, I've just done that. I suppose because you looked behind the screen the *first* time you forgot to this time. You can come out now, Packer. The gentleman won't hurt you."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Packer. "I'm sure I heard everything beautifully, but the draught——"

"You take your money back," said Mr. Smith. He shovelled it urgently across the table.

"Certainly, if you insist. I don't think that will make any difference to the *legal* position. The great thing, so I'm told, is that you took it in the first place."

"You'll never prove it," said Mr. Smith. He got up sharply. "I'm not admitting anything."

"If only," said Miss Prince severely, "you had listened properly to what I said the first time you came. I told you—it was indiscreet of me really, but I do boast sometimes—that my father was an inventor. He was a great hand with phonographs. You remember? He was almost the first man in London to see the possibilities of wax recording. Do sit down, Mr. Smith and let's listen to our first conversation in comfort. Press that switch down, Packer. That's right."

A startlingly life-like voice rang out. "My name's Smith. I won't keep you long. Very good of you to see me I'm sure——"

Mr. Smith jumped to his feet, snatched wildly at a heavy brass candlestick and brought it down with a crash of splintering wood on the curious, old-fashioned instrument on the shelf over his head.

"Don't be silly," said Miss Prince. "How can you be so ignorant! That's just the loudspeaker you're glaring at. The record itself's in another room."

SMITH seemed suddenly to deflate. The stuffing was out of him. He sat down again slowly, and his face was yellow. "What are you going to do?" he said.

It was almost an echo. How many people had said it to him?

"Seven years' penal servitude would seem to be the normal sort of sentence," said Miss Price. "I don't think they actually shave your head in Dartmoor now. Just a very short crop, I should think."

"What do you want?" said Mr. Smith.

"Eight hundred pounds—just for a start," said Miss Prince. "And it's no good saying that you haven't got it, because what with Miss Titmus and Mr. Medlicott and poor Miss Merrant there must be quite a lot of money there. I've no doubt we'll have some more from time to time."

"Eight hundred pounds is a great deal——"

"If it was income," said Miss Prince gaily, "I wouldn't say 'thank you' for it. But a nice, round, capital sum. . . ."

For the first time Mr. Smith really looked at Miss Prince, at the prim lips, the shining jet eyes, the firm lines fencing the mouth. He saw nothing to comfort him. THE END

On-the-spot wizards of TV

by DOUGLAS POLLARD

Summertime is their peak period. They'll be taking the television cameras to everything from a church service to underwater ballet

Health and Beauty show from a London park. Producer sees the picture on control van set, 100 yards away

EVERY DAY in Britain a minor miracle occurs. Thousands of ordinary front parlours are converted into theatres or grandstands, ice rinks or processional routes, ringside seats or opera boxes. And seven young men, television's outside broadcast producers, are responsible for it.

One of them, producer-commentator Michael Henderson, was aboard the launch *Consuta* on Boat Race Day this year, thoroughly wet and worried. The weather was bad; a mistake on his part would mean a blank screen for the nation.

"A bow wave has just swamped our launch," Henderson told his audience, sitting back in their armchairs. To them, a splash here and there was of no importance. "But that swamping mattered quite a lot to me," Henderson recalls. "The monitor television set on board was put out of action. From then on, I had to be briefed from the shore by radio and shape a blind commentary to the pictures which were being transmitted at every moment of the race."

A Battery Of Cameras

A television commentator works from a screen like that in a private home. He does not watch the actual event he is describing. The monitor tells him which picture, out of all those being taken by a battery of cameras, is being transmitted to the public. On Boat Race Day, twelve cameras were operating, though only one picture was being transmitted at a time.

With wartime experience as a gunner officer in tanks, Henderson left the army with a sound knowledge of how to stand on top of a tank, controlling the fire of guns in the rear through a hand microphone and listening to five radios blaring out their instructions in unison. It was good training for an O.B. producer. "Television is not simply radio plus pictures," Henderson insists. "We tackle programmes which radio alone could never attempt. The Royal Tournament is one example. Without pictures of the Household Cavalry Musical Ride, and given merely a microphone description, the occasion loses much of its glamour."

Children's Favourite

Henderson speaks with expert knowledge. His descriptions, first on radio alone, and later accompanying television pictures, have earned him a popular reputation as a news and sporting commentator.

Another producer, Barrie Edgar, in addition to producing a wide range of O.B. programmes, is a well-known commentator on children's shows. Edgar, an expert at televising boxing and aquatic features, is now the children's firm favourite as "Television's Clown." He has played the surprised martyr in many slapstick scenes, falling fully dressed into Finchley swimming baths, being squirted with whitewash and sawdust from comical cameras, tumbling from circus jaloppies.

"My career in slapstick began," Edgar recalls, "when I fell flat on my face in a very muddy puddle at the close of a children's programme called *Down on the Farm*. It had rained throughout the show, everybody was dripping wet—even the stars of the piece, the pigs and ducks and horses. So my unexpected flop in the mud came as a fitting conclusion to the programme."

"In this business," says Henderson, "where we transmit an event at the very moment of its occurrence, a mistake is often irreparable and it can be catastrophic. Unlike films, a retake is impossible." The producers are versatile, handling anything from a church service in the Tower of London to underwater ballet, but they also specialize.

Keith Rogers, popular "father" of the team, is the expert on live shows televised direct from theatres and on "built" programmes, particularly those dealing with other people's jobs. "Our visit to a blast furnace recently is a typical 'built' programme," Rogers explains. "Wynford Vaughan Thomas interviewed the workmen and got them to explain what the viewers were looking at; it was what might be called a special presentation of the real thing."

Rogers, a radar expert during the war, has televised many of the big matches from Wembley and Wimbledon and recently produced a lifeboat rescue programme from Southend Pier, the first time that live television has been transmitted from the coast. This involved "bouncing" the programme (relaying it by microwave link) from the pier to a rooftop in Southend, then south across the river to Wrotham, on again to Broadcasting House in London and thence to Alexandra Palace for transmission throughout the television area.

Peril At The Zoo

"My programmes tend to get mixed up with animals, too," Rogers continues. "During a programme from the reptile house at the Zoo, a cobra got loose among the cameramen, but we got him back into his basket before panic broke out." On another trip to the Zoo, a panda escaped and bit a piece out of commentator Phillip Slessor's trouser-leg. And disaster was only just avoided when a cameraman suddenly found himself hanging from a swinging dolly high above the monkey pit. On that occasion the pictures were temporarily affected—viewers got a tilting picture of clear, grey sky.

"Reminds me of my Battle of Britain Day programme," Alan Chivers, himself an ex-Battle of Britain pilot, recalls. "All take-offs for the air display I was televising were organized to a split second. A klaxon horn was to send them aloft. We ended up with the three cameras taking nothing but blank sky for minutes on end. There wasn't a plane airborne. The klaxon horn hadn't blown. Despite all our organization there wasn't a klaxon horn on North Weald drome. The only one thing forgotten."

In addition to aeronautics, Chivers handles soccer and speedway programmes. He cherishes the hope of one day sending up the first airborne television camera.

Assistant head of O.B.s, Peter Dimmock, can recall a few difficult moments. "The Chelsea Arts Ball scared me," he says. "I wasn't worried about getting things *into* the pictures—there were three cameras working at the time. The trouble was keeping some of them *out*; two very gay people especially, both in a state of marked undress. Can't televise that sort of thing, you know." An expert on horse-racing programmes, Dimmock also televised the first sporting O.B. transmitted from Birmingham, the Mel Brown v. Powell fight.

The London visit of the French President was televised on a number of occasions by different O.B.

This monster Mars is outselling every chocolate bar in Britain. And why? Because it is the *same* Mars — same fine quality ingredients, same delicious flavour, same two points, but . . . *more* of it for 5d.

MARS ARE MARVELLOUS

She has time for leisure
. . . because her home runs like clockwork. And she gives all the credit to her Westclox Alarm. So thoroughly reliable, it helps her plan her day—keeps her free from fuss and bother.
Backed by 60 years of experience, every Westclox "Good Morning" alarm carries our written guarantee, and is available in attractive colours to harmonize with any room. Price 25 - including Purchase Tax, from your nearest retailer.
Buy a Westclox Alarm and make time YOUR servant
WESTCLOX
ALARMS
HANDSOME OUTSIDE — STURDY INSIDE

WESTCLOX LIMITED, STRATHLEVEN, DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND

producers. Michael Henderson, who usually handles ceremonial events, covered the arrival at Victoria Station and Keith Rogers televised the visit of the Royal Party and the President to Covent Garden Opera. The success of Rogers's programme was threatened at the last moment when the foyer floor at the Opera House was inexplicably covered with brilliant white canvas. With no chance to plead for its removal, the camera crews were agonized by the effect it would have on their sensitive lighting, but the pictures transmitted were so hard and clear that the programme actually earned lavish praise from a section of the American Press..

Henderson, whose special sports are cricket, hockey and rugger—he is an Oxford Rugger Blue—built a light programme out of a visit to Madame Tussaud's exhibition. Well-known personalities—Freddie Mills, Kathleen Harrison, Renée Asherson, Peter Brough and Archie Andrews—posed among the groups of wax models; the viewing audience was challenged to pick the living from the wax figures. "Richard Dimbleby, the commentator, got the shock of his life that night," Henderson continues. "After a few punches at Joe Louis's towering wax figure, he made the mistake of hitting Freddie Mills, who was standing there, stripped to his boxing shorts, perfectly controlled and statuesque. The unexpected left hook that Dimbleby collected in return almost laid him on the floor."

Test Of A Producer

The planning of a television programme is a highly involved business, the real test of a producer's flexibility. First the programme site must be visited with a planning engineer and positions chosen for microphones and cameras. These positions vary widely according to the subject. Parking space for control vans must be found and electric power supply checked. If the site is not close enough to the coaxial cable route, the pictures have to be radiated to the Alexandra Palace transmitter by radio link. "After all that," Henderson adds, "the chosen positions must be approved by the County Council official responsible for public safety and also by the promoter, if the programme is a sporting event."

The day before a programme is televised a squad of engineers arrives at the site—anything up to twenty-five of them. Cables are rigged, the fire escape aerial is mounted, cameras are tested.

The scanner, or mobile control van, is the captain's bridge, the central point from which the producer directs his commentators and camera crews during a broadcast. At the televising of a sporting fixture, three camera crews and two commentators all operate independently. All have been carefully briefed before they go on the air. The producer himself, in his scanner van outside the grounds, watches the three pictures arriving simultaneously from the three cameras on to three screens before him. From these pictures he continuously chooses one for final transmission. The chosen picture is "cut" or "mixed" on to a fourth screen by an assistant called a "vision mixer," transmitted to private screens in over half a million homes, and at the same time shown back as a check on to a fifth screen.

As the three original pictures reach the scanner from the cameras, they are electrically adjusted and improved by three additional assistants, whose job it is to soften or harden the lighting and correct the focus. In this way the producer, with a "turret" of four lenses on each camera, can choose from twelve perfected pictures at any point in the programme.

How He Keeps In Touch

Throughout transmission, the producer directs his earphoned commentators and camera crews over a talk-back, guiding camera direction, ordering changes of lens sizes. The commentators, working from their monitor sets, see every picture as it is transmitted, but the producer has to keep each camera crew informed, telling them how their own picture looks on the screen and when a change of cameras is to be expected.

In this prolonged nervous pitch of split-second timing, the producer comes to foresee many of the game's dramatic shifts a moment before they actually occur. Producers, engineers, cameramen and commentators: all are striving to give the fireside viewer an accurate, interesting—and, above all, clear—picture of the event as it happens.

At Lord's last year, the Duke of Edinburgh, as president of the M.C.C., followed up his earlier Empire Games visit to an O.B. television unit by joining the commentators during part of a match. And in O.B.s of recent Royal appearances, viewers have also noticed the King's apparent interest in television activities, as he turns slightly into camera focus for the benefit of the grateful and hard-working camera crews.

In 1949, with only two complete units and four active producers, the O.B. team presented 174 programmes, including Test Matches which lasted for three days. It was actually on the air for 262 hours and two minutes. This year, with three units and seven producers, the pressure is even greater, the output still more varied.

Summer is the team's peak season: the Wightman Cup, a fortnight of Wimbledon, the Test Matches, Royal Ascot, the Speedway, the Royal Tournament, the Trooping of the Colour—the O.B. team produces them all.

THE END

CRUSADER IN THE GROCER'S SHOP

DR. FRANCIS CECIL HAMILTON knows that dirty storing and handling of food brought on ailments in many of the patients he had to attend. So, on retiring from practice, he has bought himself a grocer's shop which he aims to run as a model of cleanliness and efficiency.

The revealing story of the doctor-turned-grocer's one-man campaign is told by Marjorie Earl in . . .

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A.A. inspector Pratt shows the way: also in his repertoire—lumberjacking, baby-minding and fire-fighting

Highwayman to the rescue

by DON EVERITT

Mending a puncture or clearing a blocked road are jobs the A.A. patrolman learns to expect. But in the line of duty he gets some queer calls—from taming a lion to making a fourth at bridge

LATE ONE AFTERNOON, a motorist travelling from the south of England to Newcastle took out his ill-fitting upper set of dentures and put them on his lap. At Doncaster he stopped at a garage for petrol. Twenty-odd miles farther on he suddenly realized that the teeth were missing. He stopped the car and frantically weighed the possibilities of going back to Doncaster and yet keeping an appointment in Newcastle early that evening.

Just then a patrol of the Automobile Association drove up and asked the trouble. The motorist explained. The patrol noted his very rough description of the garage and its situation, took his Newcastle address and told him not to worry. Next morning the motorist ate breakfast with his set complete.

At a carnival and circus at Long Eaton, Derbyshire, an A.A. patrol on car parking duty heard screams coming from the arena. He was going to investigate when suddenly a lion ran into the park and made for him.

The patrol rapidly leapt on to his motor cycle and sidecar, for once justifiably about to desert his post. But on hearing the roar of the engine the lion turned and fled. The A.A. man promptly gave chase, round and round the field, until the lion dropped exhausted.

Help—A Mouse!

In a small Lincolnshire town, a trembling feminine voice on the phone asked the local inspector if the Automobile Association gave a service for all emergencies. The inspector said that members could have service for anything which stopped a car from proceeding under its own power; then he asked what was the trouble. "There's a mouse in my car," she quavered, "and as long as it's there my car certainly won't leave the garage under its own power." Within a few minutes the inspector, a broad six-footer, arrived at her house and slaughtered the intruder.

Last year, the 1,500 patrolmen of the Automobile Association — Britain's largest road rescue service —gave help to motorists on nearly 2,000,000 occasions. In return for this service members pay a two-guineas-a-year subscription.

Keeping watch over their 30,000 miles of beats, the patrolmen drove their motor cycles enough miles to circle the globe more than a thousand times.

In twenty years the mouse-catching inspector from Boston, Victor Pratt, a forty-seven year old Yorkshireman, has also occasionally rescued keys from drains, opened cars for daydreamers who left their keys inside, and fetched gallons of petrol for the procrastinators who "could have sworn we had enough to get to the next garage."

A motorist with toothache implored Pratt to direct him to the nearest dentist, and a suspicious wife rang him at an A.A. road box and asked him to check whether her husband drove by. When floods swamped the Fenland, Pratt and the dozen patrols in his charge salvaged property, saved inhabitants and livestock and rushed expectant mothers to maternity homes.

Anglers ask him where and on what bait to fish. (A Monmouthshire member sent a patrol a packet of stamped addressed envelopes and asked him to send daily the depth of the River Wye.) When a lorry carrying piglets crashed into a ditch, Pratt spent half an hour rounding up four which escaped. And one afternoon three men resting in a car asked him to make up a four at bridge.

As an A.A. patrol, Pratt is also part of a lost-and-found service which has returned to owners everything from a pair of trousers left in a car by a hitch-hiking naval officer to a powerful coupé whose American tourist owner misplaced it in an old English town. "Nine times out of ten," Pratt says, "the owner has only the vaguest idea where he left his property."

The Clue Rhymed

An Edinburgh woman, for instance, arriving home after a trip to London, discovered that somewhere on the way back she'd lost her hat. She rang the A.A., explained, and apologetically added that of all the garages and eating-places she'd stopped at she could only vaguely remember that one had a name which rhymed.

This clue was passed down the Great North Road. Two days later the hat was found at the Ram Jam Inn, packed and put on a train for the Scottish capital.

One morning, one of Pratt's patrolmen received a frantic call at his road box to stop a horsebox on the way to Newmarket. The stables had dispatched the wrong horse.

Besides his other activities, Pratt has an extra job in winter when ice, fog, floods and snow menace traffic. "On those mornings we have to be on the job around seven to send road reports to headquarters so that the B.B.C. can broadcast conditions before drivers start out."

Bad weather brings him even more work. When high wind blew down a tree, he borrowed a saw and the aid of a farm hand and turned lumberjack to clear the road. In the 1947 floods patrols rushed scores of temporary signs to the Fens and rapidly marked out diversions, blocked roads and stretches where only single-line traffic was possible.

One snowy winter's day, Pratt was cruising along a lonely road when suddenly he saw a bedraggled young man by a car frantically waving him to stop. The man explained that his car had broken down and, worse still, his baby had drained his bottle and was yelling for more.

Pratt sped to the nearest farm, filled his flasks with tea and boiling milk, returned to appease the infant and warm his chilled parents, repaired the engine, then sent them cheerily on their way.

The Coal Patrol

There was the patrol who had a phone call late one Sunday night from a couple who had just returned from a Christmas holiday to find all their coal stolen. "All the dealers are closed," they said. "Could you spare us a lump?" The patrolman obliged by delivering a sackful—and making the fire.

Another case presented an old retired Army officer who asked a patrol for a year's lighting-up times for the district. When politely asked what he needed them for, the man replied that he had to be careful

JANE HYLTON, *appearing in DANCE HALL, has her hair fashionably cut with a shorter curl at one side. "My Pin-Up lasts for months," she says.*

ANNE GUNNING *wears her hair set in soft waves. She says, "From the very first, my Pin-Up home perm was lovely—so soft and natural-looking."*

HONOR BLACKMAN *likes to vary her hair styles. "My Pin-Up perm is wonderfully easy to set," she says. Honor plays in SO LONG AT THE FAIR.*

Why Pin-Up is ever more popular with the young Stars

EVER since the first young stars to have Pin-Up home perms set the fashion—and they made hairdressing history!—the habit has been spreading like wildfire through the studios.

Why? Because "naturalness" is an essential for a film star's permanent wave. And Pin-Up, of all perms of any kind, gives the softest, most natural waves—from the very first day it is done.

IT'S EASY TO DO!

If you have never had a home perm, don't be nervous about your ability to give yourself a Pin-Up. Every pack contains simple illustrated instructions. You'll find it's as easy as putting your hair in curlers. And you do it at home, of course, in your own time.

The Pin-Up Waving Lotion is so well-balanced and kind to the hair that you can actually leave it on as long as you like, even all night if more convenient. Get a Pin-Up Outfit today!

It's the Pin-Up lotions that matter, so if you already have the curlers or can borrow them, you can do a

WHOLE-HEAD PERM
with a **PIN-UP REFILL** *for* **7/6**

SALON-TYPE outfit with plastic curlers (whole-head) **15/-**. POPULAR outfit with Simplex flexible curlers (whole-head) **10/-**. JUNIOR-SIZE outfit with Simplex flexible curlers (for the short cut or end curls) **5/-**.

Softer, more natural waves with **Pin-Up**

PIN 28-541

YOU SHOULD HAVE THIS GREAT CUSTOMERS' CHARTER!

..as a token of security for the future when Home Furnishing—

IT IS ISSUED WITH EVERY N.P. PURCHASE AT JAYS
FURNISHING STORES

COUPON FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT CALL
TO JAYS FURNISHING STORES,
248-250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.
(Branches throughout Britain)

Please send me particulars of your latest offers:

Name. . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

SOJ/5

"'A loaf of bread, a dozen eggs, a tin of peas . . .' Are you sure mother ordered 'six kones of chocklit iss Kreem'?"

about getting home from his afternoon drive before dark. He suffered from night blindness.

Upright, dark-haired, sharp-featured Victor Pratt applied to join the Automobile Association's patrol service in the Leeds area in 1929. He had previously been in the Army. "When I came out I took an office job but I couldn't settle down to being indoors."

Pratt was the ideal applicant. As an ex-Serviceman, discipline, smartness, saluting, courtesy and wearing a uniform were second nature to him. And he had experience of cars. He romped through his three-month probationary and training period with an experienced patrol.

For ten years he served "in the ranks," then was promoted to the Boston inspectorship. A few months ago he took the ten-day refresher course at the A.A.'s new school in London and passed out with the grading "above average."

What They Earn

The wage of a probationer and grade three patrol today is £5 10s. a six-day week, with uniform provided free. After six months the man may apply for grade two rating at £5 15s.; at the end of a year, if he has passed a first-aid test, he is eligible for £6 and grade one. On top of this he may make £1 a week or more in commission for new members.

Pratt's normal hours are from nine to seven, or dusk if that's earlier. "But if the weather is bad or I get a job late, I may be out two or three hours longer." The patrols' beats in his area range from ten to twenty-three miles, according to the amount of traffic they get.

Pratt's equipment, carried in his sidecar, includes tools, overalls, spare parts, first-aid kit, emergency routes, red flags and caution and diversion signs (last year patrols put up more than 12,000).

"My first duty on the road," Pratt says, "is the salute. Its purpose is two-fold: courtesy and, if the member acknowledges it, I know everything's O.K."

That members look for the salute and a smile is proved by the story Pratt heard of the short-sighted motorist who severely reprimanded a figure in khaki in Whitehall. His words came back at him, double strength; the khaki uniform bore red tabs, two rows of medal ribbons and the pips of a major-general.

His job also requires Pratt to have a lot of tact and patience. Occasionally, for instance, he meets a sour-faced member like the man who ordered him to examine his car's coil ignition. When assured that it was all right, the man thumped a mudguard and shouted: "Who knows best—you or me?"

"I suggested the breakdown was caused by petrol trouble," Pratt recalls, "but the old boy thumped his mudguard and said: 'Petrol be damned. I've got plenty.'"

Over a threat of being reported if he was wrong, Pratt inspected the fuel tank. It was empty. He dutifully fetched some petrol, filled the tank, started the engine. Then the man got in his car, slammed the door and said: "I don't care what you say—coil ignition is no damn good."

A more humorous case happened one Christmas Eve, when an intoxicated G.I. caused chaos by carrying out traffic duty at a busy junction outside Norwich Station. Not infrequently his signals conflicted with the traffic lights.

Then an A.A. patrol arrived. Tactfully, he told the American that he had come to relieve him. "Thanks, bud," said the G.I., "I was a traffic cop back in the States and I wanna keep my—hic—hand in."

Rescued Ambulance

Going home one evening after a cold, windy, rainy day, Pratt was blessed with five members with punctures in the short distance of thirteen unlucky miles. "My average speed home," he says with a grin, "was about two miles an hour." On another occasion, as an ambulance reached an accident to which it had been called by an A.A. man, its throttle control broke. For eight miles back to the hospital, the patrol lay on the wing and running board, operating the broken throttle to the driver's instructions.

Toughness of a different kind was needed by one colleague Pratt knew, who had to remove a swarm of bees from a member's car.

Victor Pratt has helped to catch criminals, an escaped convict and a runaway horse. He has also put out fires and given first-aid on scores of occasions. He once rescued a man who threw himself in a river.

But his most unusual accident case concerned a young couple who asked to get a splinter from the man's hand. As he was carefully obliging, the woman fainted. No sooner had the inspector turned to attend to her than the man followed suit. Pratt revived the woman—and down she went again. He says: "Their nervousness was partly due to the splinter, no doubt; but I think it was accentuated by the fact that they were approaching the first night of their honeymoon."

Silent Service

Recently, Victor Pratt came upon a mother, her young son and daughter arguing on the country roadside. The mother beckoned to him and said: "I let them out of the car to stretch their legs and John has thrown Pamela's racquet in the ditch. She refuses to move until she's got it back, and I can't do anything with her. Would you be so kind as to get it for me?"

Pratt took off his boots and socks, grimly waded into the mud and returned the racquet to the girl. If the mother had so requested him, he would have given it to Johnny—on his seat.

THE END

"Joe Harman?" he said. "He's in England. Went there for a holiday." The half smile was still on her face as, stunned, she stood looking at him

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

Part 6: THE OUTBACK. . . . This was Joe's Home. If they married, this was where she would live. Could she be happy here?

by NEVIL SHUTE

THE WAR HAD LEFT a terrible mark on Jean Paget. She was young, attractive, and she had just been left £53,000. But the memory of those years when, with other women and children, she had been marched across Malaya by the Japs, had taken the zest out of life. One incident stood out above all the rest for, she thought, it had robbed her of the capacity to love.

She had met an Australian p.o.w., Joe Harman. At another time, at another place, she might have fallen in love with Harman. As it was, a strong, brief friendship developed. He had robbed the Japs to get food and soap for the women, but one theft—some prize chickens owned by a Japanese commandant—had been traced, and he had been publicly beaten and crucified.

Jean told me the story (as family solicitor I am trustee of the legacy left to her by her uncle) before she left on a trip to Malaya. She planned to build a well for the villagers who had helped her during the war.

A few weeks later, she wrote me a letter almost delirious with joy. She had heard that Harman had not died. A question of "face" had been involved, and the Japanese commandant had ordered him to be taken down from the tree to which he was nailed. Amazingly, he had recovered.

Jean decided to go and find him. Harman had been a "ringer"—a cowboy—on a cattle station at Wollara, near Alice Springs, in the Northern Territory.

The same day that the letter arrived I had a visitor—Joe Harman. He had learned from a pilot who brought Jean back from Malaya that she was not, as he had thought, married. And when, providentially, he had won a sweepstake, he flew to London to find her.

When I told him that Jean was now a rich woman, his first reaction was to get drunk and try to forget her. What would a rich and attractive young woman do in the Australian outback? But I talked him out of that. It was up to Jean to decide.

Harman didn't stay long in England, and when he did leave for home it was by ship. I felt sure Jean would want that. She'd waited six years for him already, and she wouldn't want him to waste his money on flying back.

The day he embarked for home, I received another letter from Jean. She was in Australia.

ILLUSTRATED BY MACKINLAY

* * *

WHEN Jean Paget stepped down the gangway from the Constellation on to Darwin airport she was wildly and unreasonably happy. It is a fact, I think, that till that time she had never really recovered from the war. She had come to England when she was repatriated and she had done her job efficiently and well with Pack and Levy for two years or so, but she had done it in the manner of a woman of fifty. She lived, but she had very little zest for life. Deep in the background of her mind remained the tragedy of Kuantan, killing her youth. She had only been speaking the truth when she had told me once that she felt about seventy years old.

She landed at about eight fifteen at night, after dark. The airline had booked a room for her at the Darwin Hotel. She stepped on to the concrete and was marshalled to the Customs

office in the hangar; at the foot of the gangway there were three young men who scrutinized her carefully. At the time she took them for officials of the airport. It was only later that she found out that they were reporters on the staff of various Australian newspapers engaged in what must surely be the worst assignment in all journalism, meeting every aeroplane that lands on Darwin airport in the hope of finding a prime minister on board, or a woman with two heads.

She evaded them, and got a car to take her into town to an hotel. She was lucky in that overcrowded place to get a room to herself, a room with a balcony overlooking the harbour. It was hot in Darwin, with a damp, enervating heat that brought her out in streams of perspiration at the slightest movement. This was no novelty to her because she was accustomed to the tropics; she bolted the door and took off her clothes and had a shower, and washed some things in the hand basin, and lay down to sleep with a bare minimum of covering.

NEXT morning she woke early and lay for some time in the cool of the dawn considering her position. It was imperative to her that she should find Joe Harman and talk to him; at the same time the thought of the reporters warned her that there were certain difficulties ahead. She had no desire whatever to figure in the headlines, as she certainly would do if the truth of her intentions became known. "Girl flies from Britain to seek soldier crucified for her. . . ." It would be far easier if she were a man.

She set to work to invent a story, finally deciding that she was going out to Adelaide to stay with her sister who was married to a man called Holmes who worked in the Post Office; that seemed a fairly safe one. She was travelling by way of Darwin and Alice Springs because a second cousin, called Joe Harman, was supposed to be working there but hadn't written home for nine years, and her uncle wanted to know if he was still alive.

It didn't quite explain why she had come to Darwin in a Constellation, except that there is no other way to get to Darwin. Lying on her bed and cogitating this it seemed a pretty waterproof tale; when she got up and went downstairs for breakfast she decided to try it out on the receptionist.

It seemed to work. The receptionist told her that Wollara was a fair distance away from Alice Springs. "The homestead must be nearly a hundred and twenty miles away," he said. "You mean Tommy Duveen's place?"

"I think that's it," she said. "Is there a bus there from Alice Springs?"

"There's no bus or any way of getting there except to drive there in a truck or a utility—or maybe Eddie Maclean's plane. Maclean Airways run around most of those stations once a week, delivering the mail," he said. You may find that you could get there by plane. If so, that's much the easiest."

She started at dawn next morning in the bus for Alice Springs. It was a big, modern bus, heavily streamlined; it towed a trailer carrying goods and luggage. It was comfortable enough although not air-conditioned; it cruised down the wide, empty tarmac road at fifty miles an hour, hour after hour, manned by an ex-naval crew.

As far as Katherine, where the bus stopped for lunch, the country was well wooded with rather stunted eucalyptus trees. After Katherine the country gradually became more arid, the trees more scattered and desiccated, till by the evening they were running through country that was almost desert.

At dusk they stopped for the night at a place called Daly Waters. Daly Waters, she discovered, was an hotel, a post office, a large aerodrome, and nothing else whatsoever. The hotel was a rambling collection of single-storey wooden huts or dormitories for men and for women, strange to Jean but comfortable enough. She strolled outside before tea, in the dusk, and looked around. In front of the hotel three young men were squatting on their heels with one leg extended in the peculiar attitude that Joe Harman had used; they wore a sort of jodhpur trouser and elastic-sided boots with a very thin sole, and they were playing cards upon the ground, intent upon their game. She realized that she was looking at her first ringers.

She studied them with interest; that was how Joe Harman would have looked before he joined the army. She resisted an absurd temptation to go up to one of them and ask if they knew anything about him.

The bus started at dawn next day, and drove on southwards down the tarmac road, past Milners Lagoon and Newcastle Waters and Muckety Bore to Tennants Creek. As they went the vegetation grew sparser and the sun grew hotter, till by the time they stopped at Tennants Creek for a meal and a rest, the country had become pure sand desert. They went on after an hour, driving at fifty to fifty-five miles an hour down the scorching road, past tiny places of two or three houses dignified with a name, Wauchope and Barrow Creek and Aileron. Toward evening they found themselves running towards the Macdonnell Ranges, lines of bare red hills against the pale blue sky, and at about dusk they ran slowly into Alice Springs and drew up at the Talbot Arms Hotel.

Jean went into the hotel and got a room opening on to a balcony, the hotel being a bungalow-type building with a single storey, like practically every other building in Alice Springs. Tea was served immediately after they arrived, and afterwards she changed her dress and strolled out, walking very slowly down the broad suburban roads, examining the town.

She found it as Joe Harman had described it to her, a pleasant place with plenty of young people. In spite of its tropical surroundings and the bungalow nature of the houses there was a faint suggestion of an English suburb in Alice Springs which made her feel at home. There were the houses standing each in a small garden fenced around or bordered by a hedge for privacy; the streets were laid out in the way of English streets with shade trees planted along the kerbs. She could now see well what everybody meant by saying Alice was a bonza place. She knew that she could build a happy life for herself in this town, living in one of these suburban houses, with two or three children, perhaps.

AFTER breakfast next morning, she went and found the manageress, a Mrs. Driver, in the hotel office. She said: "I want to try and get in touch with a second cousin of mine, who hasn't written home for ten years." She told her story about being on her way from London to Adelaide to stay with her sister. "I told my uncle that I'd come this way and stop in Alice Springs and try and find out something about Joe."

Mrs. Driver was interested. "What's his name?"

"Joe Harman."

"Joe Harman! Worked out at Wollara?"

"That's right," Jean said. "Do you know if he's there still?"

The woman shook her head. "He used to come in here a lot just after the war, but he was only here about six months. I only came here in the war; I don't know about before that. He was a prisoner of the Japs, he was. They treated him terribly. Came back with scars on his hands where they'd put nails right through, crucified him, or something."

Jean expressed surprise and horror. "Do you know where he is now?"

"He's station manager at some place up in the Gulf country."

Jean asked: "You don't know his address?"

"I don't. Tommy Duveen would know it, out at Wollara."

"Does he come into town much?"

"Yes, he was in town on Friday. He comes about once every three or four weeks."

Jean asked innocently: "I suppose Joe Harman took his family with him when he went to Queensland? They aren't living here still, are they?"

The woman stared at her. "I never heard Joe Harman had a family. He wasn't married, not so far as I know."

Jean thought about this for a minute, and then said to Mrs. Driver: "Is there a telephone at Wollara? I mean, if Mr. Duveen knows his address, I'd like to ring him up and get it."

"There isn't any telephone," she said. "They'll be speaking on the radio schedule morning and evening from Wollara, of course." There was an extensive radio network operated by the Flying Doctor service from the hospital; morning and evening an operator at the hospital sat down to call up forty or fifty stations on the radio telephone to transmit messages, pass news, and generally ascertain that all was well. The station housewife operated the other end. "If you write out a telegram and take it down to Mr. Taylor at the hospital, he'll pass it to them tonight."

Jean went back to her room and wrote out a suitable cable and took it down to the hospital to Mr. Taylor, who agreed to pass it to Wollara.

She went back to the milk bar for another ice cream. Here she made a friend, a girl called Rose Sawyer. Miss Sawyer was about eighteen and had an Aberdeen terrier on a lead; she worked in a dress shop in the afternoons. She was very interested to hear that Jean came from England, and they talked about it for a time. "How do you like Alice?" she asked presently, and there was a touch of conventional scorn in her tone.

"I like it," Jean said candidly. "I've seen many worse places. I should think you could have a pretty good time here."

The girl said: "Well, I like it all right. We were in Newcastle before, and then daddy got the job of being manager here and we all thought it would be awful. All my friends said these outback places were just terrible. I thought I wouldn't be able to stick it, but I've been here fifteen months now and it's not so bad."

Jean learned a little of the history of the town and she was surprised at the rapidity of its growth. In 1928 it was about three houses and a pub; that was the year when the railway reached it from Oodnadatta. The Flying Doctor service started about 1930 and small hospitals were placed about in the surrounding districts. The sisters married furiously, and Jean learned that most of the oldest families were those of these sisters. By 1939 the population was about 300; when the war came, the town became a military staging point. After the war the population had risen to about 750 in 1945, and when Jean was there it was about 1,200. "All these new houses and shops going up," Miss Sawyer said. "People seem to be coming in here all the time now."

She suggested that Jean should come swimming in the late afternoon. "Mrs. Maclean's got a lovely swimming-pool, just out by the aerodrome," she said. "I'll ring her up and ask if I can bring you."

She called for Jean that afternoon at five o'clock and Jean joined the swimming party at the pool; sitting and basking in the evening sun and looking at the gaunt line of Mount Ertwa.

She strolled down to the hospital in the cool night, after tea. Mrs. Duveen had not been able to give Joe Harman's address offhand, but she confirmed that he was managing a station somewhere in the Gulf country. She would ask her husband and send a message on the morning schedule.

Jean returned to the hospital in the morning after the radio schedule, and learned that Joe Harman was the manager of Midhurst Station, near Willstown. She had never heard of Willstown before; Mr. Taylor obligingly got out a map of Australia designed to show the various radio facilities and frequencies of the outback stations, and showed her Willstown at the mouth of the Gilbert River on the Gulf of Carpentaria.

"What sort of a place is it?" she asked him. "Is it a place like this?"

He laughed. "It's a fair cow up there." He studied the map. "It's got an airstrip, anyway. I don't suppose it's got much else. I've never been there, and I've never heard of anyone who has."

"I'm going there," she said. "I've got to see Joe Harman, after coming all this way."

"It's likely to be rough living," he said. "Oh my word."

"Would there be an hotel?"

"Oh, there'll be an hotel. They've got to have their grog."

JEAN left the hospital and went thoughtfully to the milk bar; as she ordered her ice-cream soda it occurred to her that it might be a long time before she had another. When she had finished her soda she walked up the street a little way and turned into the magazine and bookshop, and bought a map of Australia and a bus timetable and an airline timetable. Then she went back to the milk bar and had another ice-cream soda while she studied this literature.

Presently Rose Sawyer came into the milk bar with her dog. Jean said: "I've found out where Joe Harman lives. Now I've got to find out how to get there. There doesn't seem to be a bus going that way at all."

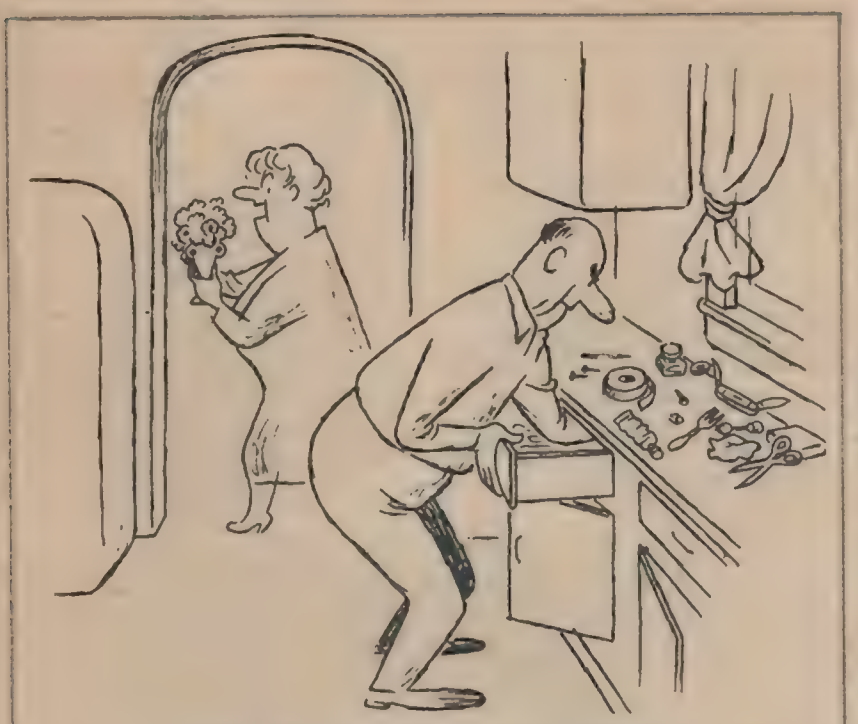
They studied the timetables together. "It's going to be much easier to fly," said Rose. "That's how everybody goes these days. It's more expensive, but it may not be in the long run because you've got so many meals and hotels if you try and go by land. I should take the Maclean service to Cloncurry, next Monday."

It meant staying a few days more in Alice Springs, but it seemed the best thing to do. "You could come and stay with us," said Rose. "Daddy and mummy would love to have somebody from England. It's not very nice in the hotel, is it? I've never been in there, of course."

"It's a bit beery," said Jean. She was already aware of the strict Australian code that makes it impossible for a woman to go into a bar. "I would like to do that, if you're sure it wouldn't be a lot of trouble."

"We'd love to have you. It's so seldom one can talk to anyone that comes from England."

The Sawyer house was a pleasant bungalow with a rambler rose climbing



"I didn't hide your pliers! I keep them in a shoe box marked 'Recipes' in the flour bin"

over it, standing in a small garden full of English flowers, with a sprinkler playing on the lawn. Mrs. Sawyer was grey-haired and practical; she made Jean welcome. "Much better for you to be here with us than in a strange hotel," she said, with all of an Australian woman's aversion to hotels. "It'll be nice having you, Miss Paget. Rose was telling us about you yesterday. It's nice to meet somebody from home."

Jean went back to the hotel to pack her suitcase, and on the way she stopped at the post office. She spent a quarter of an hour sucking the end of a pencil, trying to word a telegram to Joe Harman to tell him that she was coming to see him. Finally she said:

HEARD OF YOUR RECOVERY FROM KUANTAN ATROCITY QUITE RECENTLY PERFECTLY DELIGHTED STOP I AM IN AUSTRALIA NOW AND COMING UP TO WILLSTOWN TO SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.
JEAN PAGET.

She took her suitcase round to the Sawyers' house in a taxi, and settled in with them. She stayed with these kind people for four days. On the third day she could not bear to go on lying to them; she told the Sawyers what had happened in Malaya, and why she was looking for Joe Harman. She begged them not to spread the story; she was terribly afraid that it would get into the papers.

Mr. Sawyer had a lot to say that interested her that evening. "Joe Harman may be on to a good thing up there," he said. "The Gulf country's not much just at present, but he's a young man, and things can happen very quickly in Australia. This town was nothing twenty years ago, and look at it now! The Gulf's got one thing in its favour, and that's rain. We get about six or seven inches a year here—about a quarter of what London gets. Up where Joe Harman is they probably get thirty inches—more than England does. That's bound to tell in the long run, you know."

In the days she spent with the Sawyers, Jean inevitably heard about Rose Sawyer's love life, which was not so far very serious. It chiefly centred round a Mr. Billy Wakeling, who built roads when he could get a road to build.

Rose was still looking round for work that would suit her. "I like a shop," she said. "I couldn't ever learn shorthand, like you do. I like a shop all right, but I don't know that the dress shop is much catch. I can never tell what suits a person till I see it on, so I don't think I'll ever be a dress designer. I'd like to run a milk bar. I think it must be ever such fun."

Jean visited Mr. Sawyer at the bank in his professional capacity, and arranged for him to transfer to Willstown any credits that might come for her account after she had gone. She left Alice Springs on Monday morning with regret, and the Sawyers and Macleans were sorry to see her go.

She stayed that night in Cloncurry, a fairly extensive town on a railway that ran eastward to the sea at Townsville. Here she was in Queensland, and she heard for the first time the slow, deliberate speech of the Queenslander that reminded her of Joe Harman at once. She was driven into town in a very old open car and deposited at the Post Office Hotel; she got a bedroom but tea was over, and she had to go down the wide, dusty main street to a café for her evening meal. Cloncurry, she found, had none of the clean glamour of Alice Springs; it was a town redolent of cattle, with wide streets through which to drive the herds down to the stockyards, many hotels and a few shops. All the houses were of wood with red-painted corrugated iron roofs; the hotels were of two storeys, but very few of the other houses were more than bungalows.

She had to spend a day here, because the air service to Normanton and Willstown ran weekly on a Wednesday.

She was called before dawn next day, and was out at the aerodrome with the first light. They got to Willstown about the middle of the afternoon, and Jean got a bird's-eye view of the place as they circled for a landing. The country was well wooded with gum trees and fairly green; the Gilbert River ran into the sea about three miles below the town. There was deep, permanent water in it as far up as Willstown and beyond, because she could see a wooden jetty, and the river ran inland out of sight into the heat haze as far as she could see, with a good level of water in it. All the other watercourses, however, seemed to be dry.

The town itself consisted of about thirty buildings, very widely scattered on two enormous intersecting streets or areas of land, for the streets were not paved. Only one building, which she later learned to be the hotel, was of two storeys. From the town, dirt tracks ran out into the country in various directions. That was all that one could see of Willstown, that and a magnificent aerodrome put there in the war for defence purposes, with three enormous runways a mile long.

They landed on one of these huge runways, and taxied towards a truck parked at the runway intersection. This truck was loaded with two barrels of petrol and a semi-rotary pump for refuelling. The pilot said to Jean as he came down the cabin: "You're getting off here, Miss Paget? Is anyone meeting you?"

She shook her head. "I want to see a man who's living in this district, on one of the stations. I'll have to go to the hotel, I think."

"Who is it? Al Burns, the Shell agent out there on the truck, he knows everybody here."

She said: "Oh, that's a good idea. I want to see Mr. Joe Harman. He's manager of Midhurst station."

They got out of the aeroplane together and walked to the truck. "Morning, Al," the pilot said. "She'll take about forty gallons. I'll have a look at the oil in a minute. Is Joe Harman in town?"

"Joe Harman?" said the man in the truck. He was a lean, dark-haired man of forty or so. "Joe Harman's in England. Went there for a holiday."

There was still a half-smile on her face as she stood looking at him. She was stunned. She had been prepared to hear that Harman was out on his property or even that he was away in Cairns or Townsville, but it was absurd to be told that he was in England. She realized that the men were looking at her curiously. "I sent a telegram to say I was coming," she said foolishly. "I suppose he didn't get that."

"Couldn't have done," said Al Burns slowly. "Went about a month ago. Be back about the end of October."

The pilot turned to Jean. "What will you do, Miss Paget? Do you want to stay here now? It's not much of a place, you know."

She bit her lip in thought. "When will you be taking off?" she asked.

"We're going back to Normanton tonight and night-stopping there, and back to Cloncurry tomorrow morning. I'm going into town now. Take off in about half an hour."

Cloncurry was the last place that she wanted to go back to. "I'll have to think about this," she said. "I'll have to stay in Australia till I've seen Joe Harman. Cairns is a nice place to stay, isn't it?"

"Oh, Cairns is a bonza town," he said. "Townsville, too. If you've got to wait six or eight weeks you don't want to wait here, Miss Paget."

"How could I get to Cairns?" she asked.

"Well," he said. "You could wait here till next Wednesday, today week, and go by the Dakota straight to Cairns in about two and a half hours."

"How much would that cost?" She was getting very sensitive to the cost of flying these vast distances.

The pilot said: "From here to Cairns would cost you ten pounds fifteen shillings. Flying back to Cloncurry and then on to Townsville and Cairns would be about thirty pounds."

Jean did a rapid mental calculation. "I think I'll stay here," she said. "It's much cheaper than going back with you. I'll stay here and wait for the Dakota next week."

"You know what it is going to be like, Miss Paget?" the pilot said.

"Like the Post Office Hotel at Cloncurry?"

"It's a bit more primitive than that. The whatnot's out in the back yard."

She laughed. "Will I have to lock myself in my room and take a revolver to bed with me?"

He was a little shocked. "Oh, you'll find it quite respectable. But, well you may find it a little primitive, you know."

"I expect I'll survive."

The Australian Hotel was a fair-sized building with about ten small bedrooms opening on to the top floor veranda. It had wooden floors and wooden doors; the whole of the rest of it was built of corrugated iron on a wood framework. Jean was accustomed by that time to the universal corrugated iron roofs, but a corrugated iron wall to her bedroom was a novelty.

She waited on the upstairs veranda while a Mr. Sam Small, who had taken charge of her and brought her here went to find Mrs. Connor, the proprietress. When the landlady appeared she was evidently only just awake; she was a tall, grey-haired, determined woman of about fifty.

Jean said: "Good afternoon. My name's Jean Paget, and I've got to stop here till next week. Have you got a room?"

The woman looked her up and down. "Well, I don't know. You see, the men sleep out on this balcony, often as not. That wouldn't be very nice for you."

Sam Small said: "What about the two back rooms, Ma?"

"Aye, she could go there." She turned to Jean. "It's on the back balcony, looks out over the yard. You'll see the boys all going to the gents, but I can't help that."

Jean said: "I expect I'll survive that."

"You been in outback towns before?"

She shook her head. "I've only just come out from England."

"Is that so! What's it like in England now? I got a sister married to an Englishman," the woman said. "Living at a place called Goole. I send her home a parcel every month."

She took Jean and showed her the room. It was clean and with a good mosquito net; it was small, but the passage door was opposite the double window which opened on to the balcony, giving a clear draught through. "Nobody don't come along this balcony, except Annie—she's the maid. She sleeps in this other room." She reverted to the ventilation. "You leave your door open a chink, prop your case against it so that no one can't come barging in by mistake, and have the windows open, and you'll get a nice draught through. I never had no difficulty sleeping in this place."

She glanced down at Jean's hand. "You ain't married?"

"No."

"Well, there'll be every ringer in this district coming into town to have a look at you. You'd better be prepared for that."

Jean laughed. "I will."

Sam Small brought up her suitcase; she thanked him, and he turned away embarrassed. She went into her room and changed her damp clothes for dry ones, and went along to the bathroom and had a lukewarm "cold" shower, and was ready for tea at half-past six when the bell echoed through the corrugated-iron building.

She found her way down to the dining-room. Three or four men were seated there already and they looked at her curiously; a well-developed girl

Continued on page 27

Wednesday.

Dear Margaret,

I'm ever so sorry I've not answered your letter before but I've been feeling simply rotten. It's these wretched headaches. I seem to get them all day long. I've got a splitting one now and can hardly type for the pain. I think I'll do as Doris suggests and break off for a bit and try a couple of Yeast-Vite Tablets . . .

YEAST-VITE

Relieves Your Pain & Bucks You Up

. . . I can hardly believe it's such a short while ago since I was telling you how miserable I felt. But, after taking those Yeast-Vite Tablets, my headache just seemed to vanish and I feel much better and brighter, too. I'm so grateful to Doris for the tip. From now on it'll be Yeast-Vite for—

Yours truly,

Enid

YEAST-VITE "Pick-Me-Up" Tablets relieve Headaches, Neuralgia, Nerve Pains, Rheumatic Pains and, due to their valuable Vitamin B_1 and Caffeine content, the pain relief is followed by tonic stimulus. Price 1/6 and 3/8.

"YEAST-VITE" is a Registered Trade Mark.

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

Continued from page 25

of sixteen, whom she came to know as Annie, indicated a separate, small table laid for one.

A plate was brought to her heaped high with meat and vegetables, hot and greasy and already an attraction for the flies. Tea came, with milk out of a tin; the potatoes seemed to be fresh, but the carrots and the turnips were evidently tinned. She ate about a quarter of the huge plate of food and drank two cups of tea; then she was defeated.

She got outside into the open air as soon as possible, escaping from the flies. On the downstairs veranda, three feet above the level of the ground, there were two or three deck-chairs, a little distance from the entrance to the bar. She had seen nowhere else in the hotel where she could sit and she already knew enough about Australian conventions not to go near the bar; she went and sat down in one of these chairs wondering if by doing so she was offending against local manners.

She lit a cigarette and sat there smoking, looking at the scene. It was evening, but the sun was still strong; the dusty great expanse that served as a street was flooded with a golden light.

Farther along the other side of the great street a six-inch pipe rose vertically from the ground to a height of about eight feet. A fountain of water gushed from the top of this pipe and this water seemed to be boiling hot, because a cloud of steam surrounded the fountain, and the stream running away into the background was steaming along its length.

Presently a young man passing by smiled at her and said, "Good evening." She smiled back at him, and said, "Good evening."

He checked immediately, and she knew that she had started something. He said: "I saw you come in with Sam Small this afternoon. Came in the aeroplane, didn't you?"

He was a clean-looking young yokel; he walked with the typical swaying gait of the ringer, and he wore the green jodhpurs and the elastic-sided boots that marked his calling. It was no good trying to be standoffish. "That's right," she said. "I came up from Cloncurry. Tell me, is that water natural?"

He looked where she was pointing. "Natural? That's a bore. Never seen one before?"

She shook her head. "I've only just come out from England."

"From England? Oh my word." He spoke in the slow manner of the outback. "What's it like in England? My dad came from there," he said. "From a place called Wolverhampton. Is that near where you live?"

"About two hundred miles," she replied.

"Oh, quite close. You'll know the family then. Fletcher is the name. I'm Pete Fletcher."

She explained to Pete that there were quite a lot of people in England, and reverted to the subject of the bore. "Does all the water that you get from bores come up hot like that?"

"Too right," he said. "It's mineral, too—you couldn't drink that water. The cattle do, though, in the dry. There's gas comes up with it as well. I'll light it for you if you'd like to see." He explained that it would make a flame five or six feet high. "Wait till it gets a bit darker, and I'll light it for you then."

She said that that was terribly kind of him, and he looked embarrassed. Al Burns, the Shell agent and truck repairer, came by and stopped to join them. "Got fixed up all right, Miss Paget?"

"Yes, thank you. I'm staying here till Wednesday and then going on to Cairns."

"Good-oh. We don't see too many strange faces here in Willstown."

Two more men had drifted up and joined the little gathering about her chair. "Tell me," she said, "why is this town so spread out? Why aren't the houses closer together?"

One of the newcomers, a man of forty whom she later knew as Tim Whelan, a carpenter, said: "There was houses all along here once, and seventeen hotels. I got a photograph of this town took in 1905. I'll bring it and show you tomorrow."

"Were there more people living here then?"

Al Burns said: "Oh my word. This was one of the gold towns, Miss Paget. Maybe you wouldn't know about that, but there was thirty thousand people living here one time."

Jean asked: "How many are there now?"

"Oh, I dunno." Al turned to the others. "How many would you say now, Tim?" To Jean, aside, he said: "He builds the coffins so he ought to know."

"A hundred and fifty," said Mr. Whelan.

Jean asked: "What happened? Did the gold come to an end?"

"Aye. They got the stuff out of the creeks and the surface reefs, the stuff that was easy. got. Then when they had to go deep and use a lot of machinery and that, it didn't pay. It's the same in all these towns. Croydon was the same, and Normanton."

As the light faded Pete and Al went out and lit the bore for Jean. They struck half a dozen matches and got it to light. A flame shot upwards from it and lit up the whole town, playing and flickering among the water and the steam till finally it was extinguished by a vomit of water. They lit it again and Jean admired it duly; it was clear that this was the one entertainment that the town provided, and they were doing their best to give her a good time. "It's wonderful," she said. "I've never seen anything like that in England."

They were duly modest. "Most towns around here have a bore like that, that you can light," they said.

She was tired with her day of flying. At nine o'clock she excused herself from their company and they all wished her good night. She drew Al Burns a little to one side before she went. "Al," she said. "I'd like to see the man in charge now at Midhurst. I'd like to see him before I go on Wednesday. Will he be coming into town?"

"That's Jim Lennon. Saturday he might be in," Al said. "I'd say that he'd be in here Saturday for his grog. If I hear of anybody going out that way I'll send him word and say that you're in town, and want to see him."

Next evening she had a little circle of them squatting with her on the veranda again.

She got them to talk about themselves; it seemed the best way to put them at their ease. They had plenty of grumbles.

Pete Fletcher said: "The pay's all right. Trouble is this place. There's nothing to do here. Not even a cinema."

"What about dances?" Jean asked.

There was a cynical laugh. "They try it sometimes, but it's a crook place for a dance. Not enough girls."

Pete Fletcher said: "There's about fifty of us stockriders come into Willstown, Miss Paget, and there's two unmarried girls to dance with, Doris Nash and Susie Anderson. That's between the age of seventeen and twenty-two, say."

Jean asked: "But what happens to all the girls? There must be more than that round here?"

"They all go to the cities for a job," said somebody. "There's nothing for a girl to do in Willstown. They go to Townsville and Rockhampton—Brisbane, too."

Pete Fletcher said: "That's where I'm going, Brisbane. A fellow's got a right to have a girl and marry, like anybody else."

"Who's going to run the stations if you all go down to the cities?" Jean said.

"That's the manager's headache," said Pete. "I've got headaches of my own."

That night, Jean found it difficult to sleep. The outback was on her mind.

She continued for the next two days in Willstown, sitting on the veranda and talking to the ringers, and visiting the various establishments in the town. By the end of the week she was beginning to know a good deal about Willstown.

Jim Lennon came into town on Saturday, as predicted, for his grog. He came in a utility van that Jean learned was the property of Joe Harman, an outsize in motor cars with a truck body behind the front seat, furnished with tanks for seventy gallons of petrol and fifty gallons of water. Mr. Lennon was a lean, bronzed, taciturn man.

"I got an air mail letter yesterday," he said with the deliberation of the Queenslander. "Joe's starting on his way back from England in a ship. He said he'd be here about the middle of October, so he thought."

"I see," said Jean. "I want to see him before I go back to England. I've arranged to fly to Cairns on Wednesday and wait there for him. What's Joe been doing in England, Mr. Lennon? Did he tell you what he was going for?"

The stockrider laughed. "I didn't even know he was going. All I knew was he was going down to Brisbane. Then I got a letter that he'd gone to England. *I* don't know why he went. He did say in this letter I got yesterday he'd seen a bonza herd of Herefords, belonging to a Sir Dennis Frampton. Maybe he's having bulls shipped out to raise the quality of the stock. He didn't tell me nothing."

She gave him her address as the Strand Hotel in Cairns, and asked him to let her know when he got accurate news of Joe's arrival.

That evening as she was sitting in her deck-chair on the veranda, Al Burns brought a bashful, bearded old man to her. "Miss Paget," he said, "want you to meet Jeff Pocock." Jean got up and shook hands. "Thought you'd like to meet Jeff," Al said cheerfully. "Jeff's the best alligator hunter in all Queensland. Aren't you, Jeff?"

The old man wagged his head. "I been hunting 'gators since I was a boy," he said. "I reckon I know 'gators by this time."

Al said: "He's got an alligator skin to show you, Miss Paget." To the old man he said: "Show her your skin, Jeff. I bet she's never seen a skin like that in England."

Jeff Pocock opened a sack and took out a small alligator skin rolled up. "'Course," he said, "I cleaned and trimmed and tanned this one myself. Mostly we just salt them and sell 'em to the tannery like that." He unrolled the skin before her on the floor of the veranda. "Pretty markings, ain't they? I bet you never seen a skin like that in England."

The sight of it brought back nostalgic memories to Jean of red buses on the Great West Road at Perivale, and Pack and Levy, Ltd., and rows of girls sitting at the work benches making up alligator skin dressing-cases. She laughed. "I've seen hundreds of them in England," she replied. "I used to work in the office at a factory that made these skins up into handbags and dressing-cases." She picked up the skin and handled it. "Ours were harder than this, I think. You've done the curing very well, Jeff."

A vague idea was forming in Jean's mind. "How many of these do you get a year?" she asked.

"I turned in eighty-two last year," the old man said. "'Course that's a little 'un. They mostly run about thirty to thirty-six inch—width of skin."

Jean said: "Will you sell me this one, Jeff?"

"What do you want it for?"

She laughed. "I want to make myself a pair of shoes out of it." She paused. "That's if Tim Whelan can make up a pair of lasts for me."

He looked embarrassed. "I don't

NOW YOU KNOW

SOMEONE has been rescued from drowning. Could you step in and give artificial respiration?

If your patient is unconscious, lay him on his stomach with arms extended and head turned sideways. Kneel at his side facing his head, place your hands on the small of his back, wrists touching, fingers opened and pointing outward. Then lean slowly forward with arms rigid, pressing your whole weight on to the lower ribs for two seconds. Straighten up, remove pressure for three seconds, then repeat the movements rhythmically. When your patient starts breathing, keep him warm and promote circulation by rubbing his limbs.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

want nothing for it," he said gruffly. "I'll give it to you."

She argued with him for a while, and then accepted gracefully. "We'll want a bit of calf skin for the soles," she said, "and some thicker stuff for building up the heels."

She fondled the skin in her hands. "It's beautifully soft," she said. "I'll show you what to do with this."

Jean made that pair of shoes working upon the dressing-table of her bedroom; to be more exact, she made three pairs before she got a pair that she could wear. She decided to miss the plane for Cairns that week.

She took the three pairs downstairs and showed them to Al Burns on the veranda; Al fetched two or three of the other men, and Mrs. Connor came to have a look. "That's what happens to the alligator skins in England," Jean said. "They make them up into shoes like that. Pretty aren't they?"

One of the men turned the shoe over. "Oh my word," he said slowly. "It's as good as you'd buy in a shop."

Jean shook her head. "It's not," she said. "It's not really." She pointed out the defects to him. "I haven't got the proper brads or the proper fixative. And the whole thing's messy, too. I just made it up to show you what they do with all these skins that Jeff brings in."

"I bet you could sell that in Cairns," the man said, stubbornly. "Oh my word, you could."

Sam Small said: "How much does a pair of shoes like that cost in England?"

"In a shop?" She thought for a minute. "About four pounds fifteen shillings, I should say. I know the manufacturer gets about forty-five bob, but then there's purchase tax and retailer's commission to go on." She paused. "Of course, you can pay much more than that for a really good shoe. People pay up to ten pounds."

"Ten pounds for a pair of shoes like that? Oh my word."

Jeff was out of town up the river visiting his traps, so she could not show him the shoes that day. She left them with the men to take into the bar and talk over, and she went to have a bath. She had discovered how to have a bath in Willstown by that time; Annie had shown her.

Where the water from the bore ran off in a hot stream, a small wooden hut had been constructed spanning the stream, at such a distance from the bore that the temperature was just right for a bath. A rough concrete pool had been constructed here large enough for two bodies to lie in side by side; you took your towel and soap and went to the hut and locked yourself in and bathed in the warm, saline water flowing through the pool. The salts in the water made this bath unusually refreshing.

Jean lay in the warm water, locked in the little hut alone; the sunlight came in through little chinks in the woodwork and played on the water as she lay. Since she had seen Jeff Pocock's alligator skin, the idea of making shoes had been in her mind. From the time that she had first met me and learned of her inheritance she had been puzzled, and at times distressed, by the problem of what she was going to do with her life. She had no background of education or environment that would have enabled her to take gracefully to a life of ease. She was a business girl, accustomed to industry.

She lay in the warm, medicated water, thinking deeply. Suppose a little workshop with about five girls in it, and a small tannery outside. . . . Two hand presses and a rotary polisher; that meant a supply of electric current. A small motor generator set, unless perhaps she could buy current from the hotel.

Could such a set-up pay? She lay calculating in her bath. The skins should be much cheaper than in England. Labour, too, would be cheaper; girl labour in Willstown would be cheaper than girl labour in Perivale.

She wondered if Pack and Levy would sell for her. But the major problem was not the business, she thought. . . . In Willstown both labour and materials were cheap; the business end of it might well be all right. But could she train the sort of girl that she could get in Willstown to turn out first-class quality work, capable of being sold in Bond Street shops? That was the real problem.

That evening as she was sitting in her deck-chair on the veranda, Sam Small came to her.

"Miss Paget," he said, "mind if we have a talk?"

"Of course, Sam," she said.

"I been thinking about that pair of shoes you made," he said. "I been wondering if you could teach our Judy."

"How old is Judy, Sam?"

"Fifteen," he said. "Fifteen now. She'll be sixteen next November."

"Do you want her to learn shoe-making?"

He said: "I been thinking that anyone who could make a dinkum pair of lady's shoes like that, they could sell them in Cairns in the shops. You see, Judy's getting to an age when she's got to do some work, and there ain't nothing here a girl can do to make a living. She'll have to go into the cities, like the other girls. Well, that's a crook deal for her mother, Miss Paget. We've only got the one girl—three boys and one girl, that's our litter. And I thought this shoe-making, well, maybe it would be a thing that she could do at home. After all," he said, "it looks like we've got everything you need to do it with, right here in Willstown."

She shook her head. "I've been in this business, Sam. I'm not saying that we can't turn out a decent shoe in Willstown; I'd rather like to try. But to get the job right it'll need machinery, and proper materials. I see your point about Judy, and I'd like to see her with a job here in Willstown. But it's too big a thing for her to tackle on her own."

He looked at her keenly. "Was you thinking of a factory or something?"

"I don't know. Suppose somebody started something like that here. Tell me, Sam, would people here like something of that sort started? Or would they think it just a bit of nonsense?"

"Oh my word," he said. "Would they like it! They'd like anything that kept the girls at home, so long as they was happy and got work to do." He paused thoughtfully. "It isn't natural the way the girls go off a thousand miles from home in this country," he said slowly. "That's what Ma and I was saying the other night. It isn't natural."

They sat in silence for a time. "Takes a bit of thinking about, Sam," she said at last. There was a lot she had to think about. But it would all have to wait until she saw Joe. That needed thinking about most.

To be continued next week

THE HUMAN MACHINE *by ROFFE THOMPSON*

This above all

THE Atlantic Charter defined Four Freedoms. But I think there is a fifth which each must achieve for himself, and without which the others are useless—Moral Freedom.

No one can give us moral freedom—for this we must rely on ourselves. It is the only real distinction between a man and a mere animal: the result of self-respect, self-discipline and self-control.

It is so easy to be spurred hither and thither by any desire that happens to come uppermost. To be morally free is to be the master and not the slave of impulses and passions. It means the ability to exercise a constant and deliberate control over our thoughts, speech and action.

SHOP-WINDOW GIRL

Continued from page 9

overheard comments to the display department.

Joan has to teach her twenty-four pupils some difficult rules. They include the principles of balance, the psychology of display, the way to suggest the attractiveness of all the goods in a shop by exhibiting a few lines, the cultivation of simplicity and the building up of a sense of honesty. This last is nowadays an artistic rather than a commercial matter, for the old trick of displaying a ridiculously low-priced "bait" to draw customers inside has died a welcome death. Above all, Joan has to encourage the indefinable, essential thing called "good taste."

Senior of her students is Herberts Vesna, a twenty-eight year old Latvian, who was studying architecture at Riga when first the Red Army and then the Wehrmacht marched in. Herberts was conscripted for forced labour in Germany for four years, and liberation brought the familiar tale of drifting between D.P. camps without proper food or sanitation. But he spoke enough English to become an U.N.R.R.A. interpreter. It seemed to him he had little future either as a Latvian or as an architect; and his second interest, display, claimed him. At last the authorities allowed him and his young wife into Britain. The Vesnas arrived ready for any kind of labour, and worked as hospital orderlies until Herberts was accepted by the college. He still does duty several nights a week to earn his keep, travelling thirty-five miles to college daily.

Herberts—who has been student, vanman, male nurse and clerk—feels he has found his work and his home, and hopes to become naturalized soon. He is a natural display man with an unlimited imagination: he challenges himself to think up two original ideas a day, and usually gets them. His ideas-book bulges with schemes, many of which turn on puns, or associated ideas such as a warming-pan placed amid slippers to convey cosiness.

Surrealism In The Store

Many of display's best effects come from such putting together of incongruous objects, after the fashion of the surrealist painters. Abstract artists of Picasso's school have also influenced design, as has the "new romanticism" of such British artists as John Piper. The taste of the public—and of conservative directors—will often accept themes in applied art which it would laugh out of a gallery. Joan believes that anyone in her trade should be interested in all the arts. Her work at the college leaves her plenty of leisure when she can retire to her Chelsea studio to paint.

Herberts designed the Regent Street window down to such details as the price-tickets. These are of first importance to the housewife and should always be included in a window—though one store which recently labelled a mink coat, "Useful Gift, 2,000 guineas," was aiming at a limited market. Awkward price-tags can spoil a display. Herberts worked the tickets into his design by making them kite-shaped.

Men Hold The Top Jobs

The colour-scheme of the "kite" window was worked out by the girls. Typical are twenty-three year old Pat Hammond who went from an office to the college via three years in the W.R.N.S., and pretty Pam Greatrex, seventeen, the daughter of a Croydon police sergeant who came straight from school. The girls outnumber the men by twenty to four; yet almost all leading display artists are male. Joan is not sure whether this is due to prejudice, to women's lack of some vital "touch," or their dislike of the desk-work of administrative grades.

Such trades as hardware, pharmacy and stationery are not yet display-conscious, thinks Joan, but with the change to a buyers' market they must become so. And though she admits that the world of luxury goods is over-full of designers, she believes there is plenty of room to bring her art to new trades. Her students realize that they will be lucky to start work at more than £5 a week, to reach what is for most of them the goal—the couturier's window—or ever to reach the tiny £1,000-a-year class of artist.

Opinions vary as to where the London and provincial shops stand by world-wide standards of taste: but though some think the British average is as high as any, it is admitted that a distinctive touch is lacking. "In England," says Joan, "it's only in stage décor that you get the glamorous, swooning luxury which New York stores manage and which sends any woman silly. Perhaps we shouldn't try to copy it over here, but should work out something of our own, based on the wonderful massing of colour you only see in English gardens."

Whatever the future, Joan believes the best of her students will help to form it. Certainly they have ideas, admire her teaching and love their work—for Joan finds it hard to get them to leave to make room for an evening class.

One expert has given out that anyone taking up display should have "an interest in the world about him—especially in the arts; unfailing imagination, a sense of humour and a sense of proportion, manual dexterity, ability to improvise, a knowledge of the goods he handles, a strong personality and power of expression, all-round skill plus special aptitudes, a knack of improvisation, acute critical sense, and team spirit."

Joan thinks you might get by with just a little less than that. THE END

STOLEN JOURNEY

Continued from page 15

started up, the platform lights glided by the window, and then—there was no platform. Sagan Station was behind in the darkness of the night. What a moment! I wanted to shake my companions by the hand, to have a drink with somebody, to jump and shout with joy.

In time the train slowed down; lights in the streets and the dark silhouettes of buildings showed that we were entering a sizable city. We drew up. The notices said, "Frankfurt-am-Oder." I clambered out of the train and moved slowly with the crowd into a subway. What was this? Steps leading up to a platform, and a notice saying "Küstrin —5.56." That meant a.m., and my connection should surely have been tonight. That was damnable. What had happened? Where did one spend the night at Frankfurt? My train should have been the 9.56 p.m. and it wasn't 9.40 p.m. yet.

I came to the ticket collector. He examined my ticket. I had an insane desire to say: "Go on with you, *that's* bloody well genuine." He looked up. *"Küstrin . . . morgen früh . . . fünf uhr sechs und fünfzig."*

So that was it. Nothing before 5.56 a.m. The Reich had, as a war measure, abolished my 9.56 p.m. that night. Some men in brown uniforms were standing about but not being officious. I came to a well-lit ticket hall. Jörgensen always had to be going somewhere. There was one very good place, and in a second or two I was in a lavatory. I looked around; could not see how to get into a closet. I went out again and sat down on a bench in the hall. I studied the ticket-buying technique in the ticket booth opposite to me. Were people being asked for their identity papers? No, I didn't think so. What was the best thing to do now? Get rid of all traces of Sagan. No good appearing with a *Sagan* ticket in the morning, by which time a warning might have been sent out for guards to examine tickets at Frankfurt Station. No. It wouldn't do.

A Hectic Moment

I went to a ticket window. *"Einmal . . . dritte . . . nach Küstrin, bitte."*

"Was?"

I repeated it.

"Was haben sie gesagt?" This was getting hectic. Soon outsiders would be called in to translate. I removed my pipe from my mouth and gave of my best. *"Küstrin, bitte."*

"Ah . . . Küstrin . . . so Küstrin," she said, getting the "ü" just right, which few English can. She seemed satisfied and gave me my ticket.

I headed again for the lavatory, pocketing my pipe, which had saved the situation by cloaking my linguistic shortcomings. This time I could look round and see some men going into cabinets. A woman let them in with a key. She disappeared, but in a few seconds I rang the bell marked *"Bedienung"* and the old crone appeared again. She jangled her keys and in a second opened a cabinet. I gave her a coin and secured the door behind me thankfully.

I had a grand anti-sand campaign. I shook out my shoes and socks. I might have to run for it, and sand would be unpleasant. I changed my collar, the other was like a damp rag. Then I took my box out of my suitcase, and with an old Reich tableknife I prised the false bottom off. Into it I thrust maps and papers which were not wanted on the next stretch. I was thus mildly search-proof.

I got out my "escapers' food." I prodded it with my knife but it was like a brick—and no wonder, since it had been prepared for me to go in August, not October. After great efforts, I carved off some chocolate-coloured slivers which I ate with relish.

Jon's task now was to find somewhere to sleep. He couldn't be wandering about too late in a strange city. I slid back the bolt and acted the wrong rôle. I should have flung the door open. Instead, I pushed it cautiously. The door had some sort of a return spring, which forced it strongly back against my hand. There was a *click* and I could open it no more than a few inches, nor could I close it properly. I stood there, all set for a trip through the Reich, with hat on at a jaunty angle, R.A.F. coat collar turned up—locked in a lavatory in the middle of enemy territory.

The old crone came. With the usual jangle of keys she let in another customer next door. I rattled my door, *"Bitte . . . bitte,"* I said. She laughed, unlocked the door, and I swept past her with an idiotic grimace.

A Place To Sleep

I went out on to a fairly deserted roadway. The station approach road curved at first but now straightened out. It was all reasonably well-lit. An illuminated notice appeared on a building on my right—"Hotel Victoria." What about it? Better not. Rather sticking my neck out. I walked on and came to a big intersection in the city and turned right down a large roadway. There seemed only a few people about, and they were inclined to scurry a bit. Above all, there seemed a pleasing lack of policemen standing about and looking inquisitive.

It was now well past ten, and time I was bedded down somewhere. At last the street narrowed. There was a T junction—two alternatives only. I went right. It was all getting a bit out of the way and rural. My story, if intercepted? Easy—the fool foreigner, "Where is the station, please?"

Now the road got narrower still. In front lay a small wooden footbridge leading over some water. This was not very good—not at all. Where did it go to? And what a place for a sentry! I crossed it. There was no sentry and I was now on what may have been an island, with trees on it. I turned right along a gravel path.

On my left were railings, behind them trees. On my right lay a slope down to a body of water, and as I went along the path it led ever more inland, as it were, and the slope on my right became wider and wider and soon, after some yards, studded with bushes.

Such terrain was made for the escaper, and I lay down among the bushes. I put my various things close at hand in certain positions, ready for a quick getaway. I could see no signs that my territory—island if it was one —was guarded at all. I memorized the time I had to wake, and slept, wrapped in my greatcoat.

Nightmare Voices

I woke up. Suddenly. An immense torch was being shone down on me from the nearby bush; there were threatening voices. I struggled to consciousness and shook off the nightmare. It had, however, been startled for a genuine enough cause. There were indeed voices from some men, and German ones, but they were a few yards away on the very edge of the water. They were calling to some others in a barge and were apparently accompanying it along the towpath.

The noisy Germans moved on and Jon Jörgensen turned over among the bushes, just as clock chimes from Frankfurt could be heard across the water striking three o'clock in the morning.

NEXT WEEK: A narrow shave with the Gestapo. I tour the enemy's dockland

Miss Foolish only keeps her teeth white
Miss Wise uses S.R. and keeps her white teeth!
Because S.R. containing sodium ricinoleate★ protects teeth from their greatest danger—GUM TROUBLE!
Your sparkling white teeth will be protected if the gums they grow in are kept healthy. Gum trouble—dentists tell us—is a more costly enemy than decay. This is why S.R. contains a proved protection ingredient—sodium ricinoleate.
Regular brushing with S.R. strengthens your gums' resistance to troubles that undermine the whitest teeth. S.R. does a double job for you —keeps teeth beautifully white and protects them by guarding gums.
Remember: your teeth are only as safe as the gums they grow in—so see your dentist twice yearly and use S.R. twice daily.
★ Did you know that dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate to promote gum health?
teeth white— gums right!
Gibbs S.R. TOOTHPASTE
GR 215-618

DOLCIN — A FAR-REACHING DISCOVERY FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN IN ALL RHEUMATIC DISORDERS

In a very short time Dolcin has proved its ability to bring PROMPT relief to sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Fibrositis and Lumbago, thus repeating the successful results obtained in America and Canada.

DOLCIN approaches the problem in a new way, blending together calcium succinate and acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) by a special method to form a correctly balanced compound. Dolcin not only provides PROMPT relief but also prolonged relief because it contains substances which improve the supply of blood and oxygen to the affected parts.

DOLCIN is NON-TOXIC: it will not harm the heart or any other organ. It can be taken safely for long periods. Dolcin is recommended by doctors and used in clinics and hospitals throughout Great Britain.

Your chemist will supply you with Dolcin in bottles of 100 tablets for 10/- and 50b tablets for 45/- including tax. Make sure you get genuine Dolcin — the original and tested compound.

DOLCIN

Reg. Trade Mark

110 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

WIN THIS MIDSUMMER GIANT!

THIS week comes a pause in our 1950 *Bullets* Holiday campaign. It brings you *John Bull's* giant mid-summer offer, in which you can win enough cash to pay for holidays for years and years to come and provide a substantial nest-egg as well.

Each of the readers you see here has won a £750 *Bullets* prize in recent months, and now you do the same. A few simple words on your coupon below can bring *you* this week's £750 cheque, heralded by a thrilling telegram on Friday, July 14. Start now on the *Examples* and be sure to post your coupon by Monday, July 3, if you want to win this Midsummer Giant.

PRIZES VALUE OVER

£1,000

for "Bullets"

MIDSUMMER GIANT

£750 CASH FIRST PRIZE

2,069 OTHER PRIZES

£50, £25, 2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s.

2,000 "Good Shots"

£25 in CASH BONUSES

—see coupon below

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

On The World's Stage
Changed Man
We Work And Work, But
The Communist Crocodile
Not Good Enough
Spirit Of Adventure
Refreshing
Beneath The Grime
Her Way
Was It Fate, Or
All Over Again
Getting On
In Plain English
Grandpa's Battle
Hotter And Hotter
To Dodge The Tax
On The Rack
Invented
Nag, Nag, Nag
In The Traffic Jam

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

When The.....Broke
One Who.....
Nothing Like.....,So
Passport To.....
Did A Bit Of.....
Having A.....Time

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 22 and in JOHN BULL dated July 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,738 (or Xword 690); "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FINAL "BULLETS" SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

"You don't have to be a professor to win £750," said Mrs. D. Blythe, Cheylesmore, Coventry

"It's a lovely fee'ing to win £750," said railway signalman J. B. Taylor, Rugeley, Staffs

"Before this £750, I'd never won a cash prize," said Mrs. F. J. Short, Boothstown, Manchester

"Bullets" Winners 1,733

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Seaside Holiday: G. B. Mullen, 23 Minto Place, Hawick, Roxburghshire:

MAGIC OF THE SEASIDE
"LOOK, DADDY — MUMMY'S *Asleep!*"

£50 plus SEASIDE HOLIDAY: S. F. Andrews, 3 Church Drive, North Harrow: TOO AMBITIOUS — BOFFIN — OFF IN COFFIN!

£25 plus SEASIDE HOLIDAY: J. D. Robertson, 14 Holmhead Place, Glasgow: ON MY BACK—FEET—*Knees*.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: J. G. Roberts, 16 Lambton Road, Liverpool: COMRADESHIP—*Doesn't* PASS IN "NIGHT." £10: J. Rodgers, 41 Fitzwilliam Avenue, Wath, near Rotherham: A FULL LIFE — "LITTLE HANDFUL" *Helps* GRASP. £5: Mrs. F. Brown, 58 Stuart Road, Bootle: THE SKYLARK—"ABOVE" YOUR ROCKETS, SCIENTISTS! £5: H. I. Casey, 71 Watchouse Lane, Doncaster: NEARLY EXTINGUISHED GRANDPA — "OVER SEVENTYS'" BLOW-OUT! £5: S. Dickerson, 66 Dickens Road, East Ham, E.6: LORD OF THE MANOR—SOLD ARMOUR —VISITED TAILOR! £5: E. Jones, 50 Newry Street, Holyhead: MAGIC OF THE SEASIDE—WILL RESTORE WORKSHOPS' "MAGICIANS." £5: Mrs. A. Quarmby, 64 Rugby Avenue, Wembley: BEAUTIFUL BLONDE — TURNING GREY — AUNTIE'S HAIRDRESSER!

Above seven winners also receive Seaside Holiday for Two.

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated June 17.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

Cash, Holidays, Food for Xwords

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 690

3. Bird-watchers are likely to find an interest in these
5. Some cutters devote considerable attention to these
6. Nobody likes losing good one
7. Criminal often fails in his attempts to do this abroad unobserved.
9. Doesn't play such a big part in our life here as in the States
10. Such a person is not an attractive type
13. Farmer's kiddy is perhaps more likely than average child to get this to eat
14. This cricket team by no means always wins match
15. You usually want two hands to it

Down Clues

1. Some people are carried away by
2. Merchant ships no doubt escaped the enemy at times, aided by
4. There's a chance that children may learn to distrust parents who keep giving them
8. Careful preparation is needed in making of
11. It is a soldier's this to obey
12. Even successful portrait painter may find this does not come just as he would like it

£100 1st Prize plus SEASIDE WEEK for TWO

(If prize shared, £20 Holiday Cash added to £100 award.)

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

100 FOOD PARCELS

containing extras for your larder and luxuries for your table—one parcel with each Runners-up Prize of 5s. or over

UP TO

500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES

one for each 2nd Runner-up

£100 and HOLIDAY WON—XWORD 685

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Site. 2, Slash. 6, Fare. 7, Poppy. 9, Fine. 13, Snarls. 14, Balm. DOWN: 1, Strip. 3, Hose. 4, Wiry. 5, Main or Rain. 8, Pets. 10, Sail. 11, Skim. 12, Lip.

WINNER OF £100 AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO: Mrs. E. M. Barnes, 151 Lanark Road, London, W.9.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by eighteen entrants who also receive Food Parcels. "Signposts" to 2nd Runners-up.

MOROCCO, THE UNEASY PLAYGROUND

Continued from page 16

cream cakes in Porte's, the fashionable teashop for the English colony. His presence has given a political flavour to the cakes, and now any Arab who takes tea at Porte's is immediately suspected of being a Nationalist sympathizer. This mixture of pastry and politics is nothing unusual in Morocco.

Kenneth Pendar, the dapper American ex-diplomat who settled in Casablanca after the war to sell Coca-Cola, found this out to his cost. The soft drink was launched with a high-pressure advertising campaign and sales boomed, especially among the teetotal Moslem community. Then the rumour spread that the company was Jewish financed and ten per cent of the profits went to the Israel Army. The Americans thought the rumour was spread by business rivals, but it had a remarkable effect. Jews openly toasted each other in Coca-Cola, while Arabs boycotted it.

Then a counter-rumour spread in the Jewish community that the company had made a big donation to the Arab League. At once the Jews boycotted the drink. But now both Jews and Arabs drink "Coke" without prejudice.

Spanish rule in Morocco varies little from French, except that it is, if anything, more autocratic. The sultan is represented by his cousin, Caliph Sidi Moulay Hassan, and General Franco by his good friend and revolutionary comrade, Lieutenant-General Varela. It is Varela who counts.

Everything Stops For Food

Tetuan, where both Varela and the caliph live, can be reached from Tangier by plane or bus, but the best way is by taxi. The road is good and it takes only about two hours. We drove into Tetuan at an hour which might be considered just before lunch—that is, about half-past twelve. But in Tetuan, two o'clock is the more usual luncheon hour. Everything stops for food in Spanish Morocco.

After lunch I wandered into the central square, which is the main feature of almost every Moroccan town. In French Morocco this is generally called the "Place de France." In Tetuan, of course, it is the "Plaza de España." On one side are Government offices; on another, the gaudy residence of General Varela. For little reason other than the curiosity of a tourist, I tried to photograph the general's palace. As I adjusted the focus of my camera, two policemen angrily ordered me away, backed up by an armed sentry.

More than three-quarters of the money Franco is spending in Morocco goes on his occupation army. Memories of the Rif war, when the mountain tribes led by Abd el Krim defied the Spanish armies for five years, are still vivid; but the only arms left to the tribesmen are their fighting spirit and their hatred of the Spaniards. Although Abd el Krim is at liberty in Cairo, he is now an old man, and the tribesmen never expect to see him back in the Rif. As one Riffi leader put it to me: "He is like your Duke of Windsor. We remember him with great affection, but he cannot hope to lead us again."

But even without their leader and without their arms, the Riffi are a sullen, resentful people who will continue to make trouble. Nor are they the only malcontents. Morocco, behind the façade, is a land of simmering discontent. THE END

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

£25 IN CASH BONUSES

As winner of one of the 20 chief prizes you share this additional £25 if your successful effort was one of four or more *Bullets* on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Closing Postmark, **1,738** MON., JULY 3

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value.....

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

POST THIS LABEL for "MAGIC CARPET" NEWS

Make July 13 a day to watch for the postman. Post JOHN BULL this Label, addressed to yourself, and July 13 will bring you the full and fascinating details of one of the most thrilling prizes ever known — *Bullets* Magic Carpet Offer!

FREE THIS WEEK ONLY

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

551

WIN £100 and SEASIDE WEEK with this COUPON

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 15.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

	1		2		3	A	R	K	4 S	
5	A	I	L	S		P	A	W	L	
	N		E	A	S	E				
6	A	M	E			7 S		I	P	
	L	I	T		8			V		
		M		9	O	B	B	Y		
10	11 R	I	M		U		L		12	
			13 A		P	L	E		A	
	L	I	L			E	A	R	S	
14	E	S	T	690	15	A	T	C	H	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **690** Closing Postmark, MONDAY, JULY 3

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

"Walters' Palm" ALCO
TOFFEE
THE PERFECTION of CONFECTIONS
JB

dandruff.. you just can't ignore it!

Dandruff cannot be kept secret, but it can be got rid of. Take Nature's hint that your hair is under-nourished, that bodily supplies of Cystine, Tyrosine Tryptophane and other vital hair foods are running low. Replenish the supply with Silvikrin and dandruff disappears. Fed by its natural foods the hair retains its youthful vigour, stays in your head, not in your comb.

Use *Pure Silvikrin* in severe cases of dandruff and thinning hair. As a daily dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion or, for dry heads, the new Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil.

Silvikrin
THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD
JB

HOW TO END DOMESTIC FRICTION

Of course she's always borrowing it for the house and maybe she *does* forget to put it back in the toolshed — but when *one* oil does so many jobs so well you'll find life runs much more smoothly on *two* cans of ESSO HANDY OIL.

Big 8 oz. can with curved spout 1/9d. Refills in bottles 1/6d.

IT CLEANS AND LUBRICATES AND PREVENTS RUST

It pays to say
Esso
HANDY OIL
ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD.

P3

There are many imitations

The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. It is something which has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine Aertex garments bear this label
THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON
—and utility

but only one AERTEX

THE JEWELS OF WISDOM

"*LOCARNO*", *seven jewels, anti-magnetic, chromium case, guaranteed* £4.0.0

Poised for true service by the skilled craftsmen of Switzerland. We supply and service a splendid selection. Brochures of full range from £3.15.0 to £25.0.0 and approval details by return.

Write or call
G. & M. LANE & CO. LTD (Dept. JB 25)
15/17 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON E.C.4
SALES & SERVICE
Watches of SWITZERLAND

Best thing I've ever taken for
RHEUMATISM

I realise that Fynnon Salt is *a very good laxative indeed for rheumatic sufferers.* Part of its medicinal action is to increase the fluid outflow from the kidneys. This helps to free the system of poisons which *tend to be responsible for rheumatic aches and pains. If* you are a sufferer, *then take Fynnon Salt.* Large tin 2/-.

FYNNON SALT
relieves
RHEUMATISM, FIBROSITIS, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA

Fynnon Limited, Brentford, Middx. royds 598F

PHOSFERINE for *extra* vitality!

PHOSFERINE begins its good work by reviving the appetite. This, in turn, starts a whole sequence of benefits. A good digestion waits on appetite! Good digestion enriches the bloodstream, feeds the nerves, builds up strength and energy. Try PHOSFERINE today—for buoyancy, resilience, confidence. Phosferine (Tablets or Liquid) 1/6 & 3/8

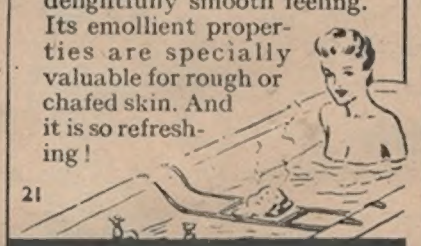
PHOSFERINE
THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS
JB
for Depression, Debility, Indigestion, Sleeplessness and after Influenza.

JB
Simpkin's

1/6 TIN INCL. P.T.

ANTISEPTIC
FRUIT FLAVOURED PASTILLES
for
Summer Sore Throats
CF
FROM QUALIFIED CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

REFRESHING
JB
Cuticura Soap gives your skin that delightfully smooth feeling. Its emollient properties are specially valuable for rough or chafed skin. And it is so refreshing!



21
Cuticura SOAP

Mothers!

send today for a copy of Fennings'
Every Mother's Book
You'll find it answers all your questions. It describes fully many of the kiddies ailments which are so disturbing, and tells you how to treat them in the best possible way.
it's FREE!
Write today, and you will receive a copy together with a sample of:—
Fennings' CHILDREN'S COOLING POWDERS
JB
To: SALES OFFICE H/93,
ALFRED FENNINGS, HORSHAM, SUSSEX

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. Conditions of Sale: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

Sparkling New Life. Mrs. Ann Cropper, 159 Bedford Street South, Liverpool 7, washes for her 15-month old baby girl and for her husband, a coppersmith. "I find that *New Life* Oxydol gives all my whites a wonderful bright new life, like this sheet," says Mrs. Cropper.

Brilliant New Life for Mrs. Grimsley's Colours. Mrs. Dorothy Grimsley, 251 Broadfield Road, Manchester 14, lives with her in-laws. "I'm really proud of my coloured frocks and table-cloths," says Mrs. Grimsley, "*New Life* Oxydol brings them up with crisp, fresh new life."

Three of the hosts of housewives who have learned how to

GIVE SPARKLING NEW LIFE TO WHITES

"You've never seen such an amazing difference"

Mrs. Cropper has discovered something that makes a really amazing difference to her wash. So has Mrs. Grimsley. So has Mrs. Nuttall and hundreds of thousands of other housewives who are using this *New Life* Oxydol. It's a new washing-aid in Oxydol that makes the difference. It gets whites whiter than you ever believed possible — without having to use a harmful bleach. In fact, it actually restores life to whites made dull and lifeless by continual washing with other products.

Try *New Life* Oxydol — with it you, too, can give this sparkling new life to *your* white things . . . bring up all your washable colours crisp and fresh with lovely bright new life . . . and get even the grimiest clothes spotlessly clean. And because there's *no* bleach and *no* harsh chemical in *New Life* Oxydol, clothes *keep* their life longer. This *New Life* Oxydol still gives you nearly twice the lather, too. It's a richer, soapier lather. And it still helps you through nearly twice the wash.

Give New Life to your whites with

OXYDOL

Spotlessly clean frocks and nappies for the Nuttall twins. Besides Catherine and Michael, Mrs. Nancy Nuttall of 41 Marlborough Road, Stretford, has a 2½-year-old daughter. "*New Life* Oxydol gets even my children's dirtiest play-clothes spotlessly clean."

This is the packet to look for. Look for this packet and ask for *New Life* Oxydol next time you go for your ration. It's the familiar Oxydol packet with a white flash on the front telling you about New Life.